

# THE *Canadian* FORUM

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## The Quiet Frenchman

JOHN C. CAIRNS

► A NATIONAL CRISIS well into its third decade is bound to become something of a national and an international bore. Its complications do not make it any more attractive to the outsider; and in a country like Canada the impoverished or systematically incomprehensible reporting of it in the daily press render it one of life's minor mysteries. No one could ever make head or tail of the French experience in the last few years from such items as the editorials in the *Globe and Mail* where, so often, piety and nonsense have been locked in furious battle. Even, one must hasten to add, the *New York Times* has consistently shed more sage advice and measured optimism than light on the issues—although its news columns have, by and large, tended to reflect more of what has been going on in France than any other North American newspaper. Indeed, if it were not for excellent periodicals such as *Commentary*, occasional pieces in the *Yale Review*, the odd article in the *New Republic* or the *Nation*, and a good deal of critical (if very often unnecessarily sharp and crabby) analysis in British weeklies and quarterlies, we might all live and die in English-speaking Canada with some such vague idea of Charles de Gaulle as being a cross between Superman and a spoilt child.

On anybody's reading, however, and not least in these dreary stretches of the twentieth century, de Gaulle is a great man. Measured against the present incumbents of other presidential and prime-ministerial posts in the western world, this seems incontrovertible. Measured against his own countrymen, it is not less true. And having recently stemmed the rising extreme Right-wing tide in Algeria, his figure is more commanding than ever. There is no point in saying that de Gaulle must share credit for all this with the nation; the nation is and has been more than happy to let Charles do it. Before May 13 it used to let almost everyone try; it is quite content now to let this one man do it to the expiration of his term in office. If telegrams and letters flooded in to the Elysée in the January crisis, the General's decision was already made. If dailies like *l'Aurore* rallied round after reflecting some of the most irresponsible and inflammatory opinion on North Africa for years, de Gaulle's course was scarcely shaped by so frightened a fair-weather friend. National support was doubtless comforting, especially when his prime minister was clearly ready to abandon him and the disenchanted Jacques Soustelle finally broke, but for de Gaulle there was only the one choice: to risk all, or simply to admit total defeat. His legend would not have survived a second retreat from office: he had to go on. And if his immediate instinct to storm the Al-

giers barricades was stayed by ministerial opposition, he nevertheless refused to accept a diktat. Thus he was rewarded by the still greater prestige of a peaceful conclusion to the week-long revolt. When it was over, the people of France stopped work for one hour to show their solidarity with him. It was a good sign; but the credit was his.

So relieved were Frenchmen by the collapse of the Algiers revolt, that not much was said about the hostages to fortune the realistic general had given. In his celebrated television talk, an epitome of all that the man is, he had succeeded in confusing his own role and obscuring the future, while impressing the world at large. To have appeared as brigadier-general de Gaulle was a ludicrous misjudgment for a man whose highest military command was the spirited and unsuccessful direction of what passed for the Fourth Armored Division for a few days in the lost Battle of France, 1940. Such a general had nothing to teach the tough veterans of North Africa, Italy, Indo-China, and so on, all looking beyond de Gaulle to the anti-Gaullist Marshal of France, Alphonse Juin, bitter critic of Republican institutions, the last surviving luminary from the final campaigns of the Second World War. General de Gaulle, more the creature of Paul Reynaud than of the High Command, was always a political figure. The army thought so then and it thinks so still. Thus the uniform merely obscured and weakened the office of President of the Republic; still worse, it was a reminder of the May 13th civil-military revolt which was the immediate origin of de Gaulle's return to power. De Gaulle's real, his sole authority was as chief of state. If the civilian Republic is to survive, that will have to be good enough for the army. The event would seem to show that, for the moment at least, it is. If de Gaulle were less of an illusionist, he would know that too. But consistency in his character goes hand in hand with murky verbalisms

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and an incessant manoeuvring. Thus in seeking to quell the revolt, he used both the carrot and the stick, he denounced the liars and subversives (by implication, the easier targets: Pierre Lagailarde and Joseph Ortiz) and appealed to the army's loyalty while giving it orders. Above all, he stood by the September 18, 1959 offer of self-determination for Algeria (an offer already hedged about with many qualifying statements and attitudes) and at the same promised the army it was winning the war against the FLN and assured it that it would control Algeria in the uncertain period (up to four years after any cease-fire) before the referendum on future status. The speech meant everything and nothing: it held the door open to all but the putschists in the army and in the streets, and in the long run the professional French soldier is no Latin-American or Sudanese putschist. By a skilful mixture (is it conscious, partly conscious, or unconscious?) of intransigence, patriotic fervor, megalomania and concession, he reduced the Algiers terror—for the world had held its breath for four or five days—to absurdity. The vulgar nihilist Ortiz fled. The popinjay superannuated student Lagailarde, elegantly bearded, clad in the barbarous paratroop covering, marched out to prison, reduced (for the moment) to his true proportions: a specimen of the western world's educated gun-toting terrified White-man at bay, member of parliament and professional tough-guy, representative of the generation that missed the Second World War and has never ceased dying verbally on the barricades since, rebel with a cause.

SUCH WAS DE GAULLE'S triumph. Perhaps no other man in France could have brought it off. It was grand and exciting, and in the suspense of the drama the absurdities of his performance (evidently there were no smiles at the ringing declaration that he had embodied the legitimacy of the nation for twenty years, as if the Fourth Republic had never been and Presidents Auriol and Coty had never existed) passed unnoticed. But the problems remain. The war in Algeria remains. The General's Republic is stronger, no doubt. President Bourguiba speaks more fraternally for the moment, and the FLN appeals to the European settlers to co-operate in making the future. But unless the FLN abandons its claim to represent the Algerian Republic and to push acceptance of this Republic through to the bitter end, the end of bloodshed will not be in sight. It is hard to see that the FLN need lay down its arms in the field and trust to the referendum in a country of backward or illiterate natives, supervised by an army of which much has been required but never (what it would consider) suicidal impartiality. It is equally hard to see that the general can go back on his refusal to treat as between equals, with the FLN forces still in the field. To the profane outsider, it is clear that if the FLN does not represent the Moslem population of Algeria, neither does the government of Paris. Algeria is a no-man's land, and the victims are the native population. What seems sure at the moment is that not only Papa's Algeria is finished, but French Algeria in its past and present geographical limits is equally doomed. France may, and almost certainly will for some considerable time to come, control a large and important part of Algeria, incorporate it. But nothing can reverse the population figures, and the past half-century suggests that nothing can halt the anti-European nativist movements. France will hold the Sahara, exploit its riches, and protect its outlet to the

sea. She will continue to hold the important cities. But almost certainly, if she continues to insist upon Algeria as being a part of metropolitan France, she is confined to incessant controversy and quarrel with the Algerian Moslem Republic, the ultimate foundation of which seems as inevitable as anything can be in this world.

In this regard, then, de Gaulle is one of the great conservatives, authoritative, prestigious, perhaps even clever. Like that other conservative Prince Metternich, one hundred and fifty or so years ago, he might say that he is a rock of order. Unlike him, he might claim to be relatively flexible in his approach. But he is not a modern. If, as an obscure army colonel many years ago, he showed that he appreciated the role of mechanized forces in land warfare, his conception of the political process has always squared ill with the republic he was born into. He has less in common with the twentieth century dictators than with nineteenth century conceptions of the leader. Though he is a memorialist of talent, he is less the speaker than the actor. He does not discuss situations, he prophesies vaguely. But in the case of Algeria, this actor has largely been reduced to inactivity. The flurry of arrests, questionings, transfers, imprisonments in the wake of the Algiers revolt had a publicity out of all proportion to its significance. For nearly two years de Gaulle has been unable to do anything to solve the Algerian dilemma. This is not to say that he cannot; nor that he will not. He and the course of events finally broke down the opposition of Franklin Roosevelt. He and the course of events may break down the intransigence of the Ferhat Abbas "government". For the moment there are no signs of this. In France the public debate on Algeria is stagnant. The nation is supine. The parliament scarcely exists. The parties seem less competent and attractive than they have in a long while. The leader, with his newly won prestige for facing down the January revolt, is unchallenged and isolated, wrapped in silence. If he breaks it, it is to say, Hurrah for France! The victory is over nuclear secrets: the prize is equality for France among the great powers. But when in this curious Fifth Republic will France become herself again? When will the great national silence end, and who will say, Hurrah for the French?

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## CURRENT COMMENT

### Our Noble Friends in Capetown

Mr. Diefenbaker had hardly uttered his evasive words about Canadian non-interference in the affairs of South Africa when Mr. Macmillan made him look a bit foolish by his speech in Capetown. As Mr. Macmillan realizes, South African racial policy is more than a matter of domestic concern: it is of direct relevance to Britain's, and the old Dominions', relations with the new African and Asian members of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the time has not come, but it may, when the Commonwealth prime ministers will have to speak their minds on apartheid, under pressure from the new African states. There is no doubt whose side Canada must take. But if our politicians continue to create the impression that they are indifferent to the South African government's policy, they will be regarded with a touch of cynicism by Africans when they finally make their condemnations.

Mr. Diefenbaker asked whether Canadians would appreciate criticism of Canadian policy by foreign politicians. Fortunately, there is no Canadian policy comparable to the disgraceful obsession of the South African government. But if there were, this Canadian would be thankful for any expressions of distaste shown by persons in other countries of the Commonwealth. The question is not whether South Africans in general would resent an expression of concern, but *which* South Africans we want to impress. By refusing to commit itself on apartheid, or on South Africa's membership in the Commonwealth, the Canadian government gives our tacit support to the Nationalist government, and implies our unconcern for the majority of Africans and their liberal advocates within South Africa. This is a curious way of showing Canada's sympathy for African independence and self-respect, which Mr. Diefenbaker does recognize as powerful and legitimate forces.

Mr. Green, in the foreign affairs debate, made further apologies. He asked us to remember how South African soldiers fought beside us in two world wars, and reminded us of the international renown of Field Marshal Smuts. This is sentimental irrelevance. Confucius was Chinese, but we do not for this reason refrain from criticizing the Chinese government. We do so on moral grounds and for reason of policy. On South African apartheid, the Canadian government needs to think out its policy, and be honest about its principles. Just what is the value of having South Africa inside the Commonwealth? This must be considered coolly, without falling back on the old clichés about a big happy club of good fellows.

D.S.

### TIT FOR TAT

"The finest lyric poet of our time"—  
Irving on Louis. Equally sublime  
Louis on Irving: he had this to say:  
"The soundest critic in the world today."

A.J.M.S.

### Paying Homage

Mentioning the name of Major Douglas in the British Columbia legislature is almost impolite at most times, unless one seeks deliberately to embarrass Canada's second government professing Social Credit principles. Premier William Andrew Cecil Bennett takes pride in his government's sound financial condition and confidence in the province must not be disturbed.

An official obeisance toward the shade of Major Douglas is made twice a year, however, once at the annual party meeting and again at budget time when the premier himself does the honors as finance minister. As unable as Alberta to escape federal monetary control, B.C. has blamed the system for the burden of provincial debts which it has tried to escape. Since taking office in 1952 Mr. Bennett has managed to pay off many bonds, and transfer the remainder to the public corporations, chiefly power and railway. This transformed the debt into "contingent liabilities"—bonds and loans that were normally self-liquidating and, although guaranteed by the province, could not be called provincial debt according to Social Credit reasoning.

By last August, the party's seventh anniversary of winning power, Mr. Bennett had enough cash in the sinking fund to equal the province's direct liabilities. At a great Sacred corroboree Mr. Bennett, despite his rather bad aim, managed to fire a flaming arrow into great piles of bonds heaped on a raft in Lake Okanagan.

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There was a jolly bonfire and the province's direct net debt was "eliminated".

The first Social Credit "dividend" accruing to B.C. was a \$28 homeowner grant, first paid last year, and designed to reduce municipal tax burdens. This spring, freed of the shackles of debt, the province raised the "dividend" to healthier proportions—fifty dollars—which had the effect of cutting many small town tax bills to one dollar. The government's mandate runs out next year and the election is expected in April, May or September.

The official opposition leader is Robert Strachan, whom the premier regards as little better than a socialistic spoilsport. Bosh, says he to Social Credit "dividends," pay the money directly to municipalities so everyone will benefit. But the homeowners bear a surprising correlation to the group whence Mr. Bennett draws his greatest election strength. Voters in the CCF constituencies comprise far fewer homeowners and, if landlords don't live in their own houses, they don't get the fifty-dollar tax-reducing dividends which might otherwise help reduce the rents of CCF-voting tenants. So goes the theory anyway.

The second big dividend resulting from Social Credit monetary policies this year amounts to \$56 millions, which the premier said had been added to the province's coffers. It resulted chiefly, he implied, from eliminating the net debt and working on a pay-as-you-go basis. Debt servicing last year cost \$13 million, and another \$12 million was siphoned from revenue to make the Lake Okanagan bondburning possible. Mr. Bennett's budget estimate of \$331 million is \$31 million higher than last year's but the estimated revenues won't stretch that far. Mr. Bennett plans to use the last few years' surpluses for another \$24 million and, if you add the "right figures," (\$7 million have to be added from "other sources") you get a \$56 million "dividend". Mr. Strachan can't quite follow this and other aspects of the budget accounting. Neither can newspapers that dragged in chartered accountants to help. Mr. Bennett says they just don't have the right outlook.

In addition Mr. Strachan asserts that the Social Credit dividends came by starving vital services of revenue and by deliberate government refusal to spend estimates voted for schools and hospitals. Mr. Bennett views the \$56 million as a useful swag bag from which to distribute election year public largesse such as new highways, more schools and higher welfare payments.

But is it necessary? The opposition shouts about natural resource giveaways involving the Wenner-Gren Peace River project, and immorality in government, but Mr. Bennett seems assured of a fourth election victory. The resurgent Conservatives might raise their zero representation to six or seven seats but neither the standfast CCFers, nor the still-woebegone Liberals are as hopeful. Not too much of a dent is expected in Social Credit's thirty-eight seats in the fifty-two seat assembly.

Necessarily invoked or not, Major Douglas' shade must have grinned during its annual flit through the B.C. legislature—especially as an impassioned Mr. Strachan declared that a CCF government would "immediately" repeal the homeowner grant. The Social Credit benches lit up like used car lots on bargain night.

The horrified members of the CCF caucus later repudiated Mr. Strachan's statement, but the damage had been done.

EDWIN R. BLACK

## Civil Rights and the American Election

► THE CIVIL RIGHTS QUESTION is again occupying much of the attention of the Congress of the United States, as each major party manoeuvres to extract the maximum political advantage from the issue. All signs point to a tough and drastic piece of legislation resulting from this competition.

The debate is taking place almost six years after the famous Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954, declaring enforced school segregation to be unlawful. Although some remarkable progress in school integration has occurred in these years, most of it has been in the border states, and much of it has been in the form of token compliance with the decision. In the last year or so the movement has almost come to a full stop, and five states of the lower South still remain untouched by it. Some potentially explosive cases are pending, especially in Georgia, but there is every indication that white Southerners will contain the advance of school integration within the narrowest possible limits. Meanwhile, southern Negroes, particularly the younger and more militant among them, become increasingly impatient at the slow rate of change, as the recent lunch-counter incidents show.

But it is the Negroes outside the South, the several millions who live in the large northern cities, who make civil rights a leading political issue. Their votes can be a decisive factor in elections, and each party is striving to attract them.

The first legislative fruit of this enlarged interest in the Negro vote was the Civil Rights Act of 1957, the first passed by Congress since 1875. It was a relatively moderate measure. Since school desegregation was in the hands of the courts, and since in any event southern senators threatened to filibuster legislation affecting the schools, the Act concentrated on protecting the Negro in his right to vote. The Act also established a Civil Rights Commission to collect factual information on how Negroes and other minorities fared in American life.

Last year Congress tried to write another civil rights act but failed. Numerous bills were introduced which in the usual way were referred to standing committees for hearings and report. There they remained. Most of the committees, of both houses, are chaired by southern Democrats, who have no desire to let civil rights legislation reach the floor. After several months of such delaying tactics, and with both houses anxious to adjourn last September before Mr. Khrushchev came to town, the Senate leadership solemnly promised that the subject would be resumed early in the new session, on or about February 15. At about the same time the Civil Rights Commission issued a very strongly worded report, much more outspoken than anyone had expected. The report found inequities in many phases of American life, north as well as south, but it concentrated on the shocking facts of voting in the southern states. In county



after county where Negroes were numerous or even a majority of the population, there were either no registered Negro voters or only a handful of them. Yet the Fifteenth Amendment provides that no state may deprive any person of the right to vote on the ground of race, color or previous condition of servitude. The Commission, to the surprise of all, made the drastic recommendation that federal registrars should be appointed in localities where Negroes were discriminated against by state officials.

WHEN THE SECOND SESSION of Congress began early in January, the political manoeuvring was immediately evident. With bills tied up in committees with heavy Democratic majorities, Republican strategists started with a waiting game, intent on showing that Democratic divisions were responsible for inaction on civil rights. At this stage, in late January, there was much talk of the notorious conservative coalition of Republicans and southern Democrats. It was argued that Republicans were sitting on their hands as payment to southern Democrats for past support on labor and tax bills.

Northern Democrats counter-attacked vigorously, however. They freely and frankly admitted that their party was divided on civil rights, and argued that it was the duty of friends of civil rights in both parties to stand together. In the house they started a discharge petition to get a moderate bill out of the clutches of the Rules Committee and dared the Republicans to sign it. One day they held a "talkathon," led by such capable advocates as Emmanuel Celler, James Roosevelt and Chester Bowles, in which they flayed the Republicans in general and the president in particular for lukewarmness on civil rights. Republican representatives began to hear from the folks back home, and quickly started signing the petition. The chairman of the House Rules Committee saw the handwriting on the wall, allowed the issue to come to a vote, the Republicans voted with the northern Democrats, and it was arranged that the house would get the bill by the middle of March.

Meanwhile, Republicans had been striving to seize the initiative. Since the President had thrown doubt on the constitutionality of the federal registrar scheme, and since in any event it wanted a new plan which it could claim as its own, the administration, speaking through Attorney General Rogers, advanced a plan for court-appointed referees to supervise Negro voting, in state as well as federal elections, where the franchise was being withheld. Republicans now called on all pro-civil rights Democrats to support this new and superior plan. Since Rogers is Vice-President's Nixon's closest friend in the administration, no one had any doubt who would gain most if this strategy prevailed. The Democrats quickly rallied, however. Instead of quarrelling over whose plan should be used, they enthusiastically welcomed Roger's plan, and added it to others under consideration. Thus to a great extent they kept the initiative, while avoiding any fight between rival supporters of civil rights.

Moreover, the astute and highly skilful Senate Majority leader, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, was still to be heard from. As an undeclared but very serious presidential candidate, he too was ready to do his bit for civil rights, in the hope of attracting support from northern delegates. In any event he had promised the senate

an opportunity to debate civil rights by February 15. As the date neared it was difficult to see how he was going to make good his promise, with no immediate prospect of a committee-reported bill reaching the floor. On the day in question, however, Senator Johnson solved the problem with his usual neatness and dispatch. He asked for unanimous consent to consider an insignificant private bill that had been on the senate calendar for months, and that would allow the army to lease an unused officers' club to the school board of Stella, Missouri, whose school had burned down. The guileless southern senators walked unsuspectingly into the trap, and interposed no objection to consideration of the bill. Senator Johnson then immediately announced that he and the minority leader, Senator Dirksen, had selected this bill to be the vehicle for civil rights debate, and that it was now open for amendments. Since the senate has no rule requiring amendments to be germane to the declared subject of a bill, this was a perfectly constitutional although somewhat devious procedure. Senator Dirksen was on his feet at once with voluminous amendments, and dozens of others have since been proposed or promised by senators of both parties.

And so the long-awaited debate is under way. So far it is relatively temperate and even good-tempered, with few hints of the old-time demagoguery. The southerners are outraged, but they confine themselves largely to lengthy and reasoned appeals to constitutional precedent. There is no suggestion of racial prejudice in their speeches. They disclaim any desire to limit the Negro's right to vote, and argue only that there are already sufficient laws on the books for protecting the franchise without adding new ones.

ON THIS ISSUE the traditional Republican-southern Democratic coalition has for the moment utterly collapsed. In a recent test vote twenty southern senators were joined by only four Republicans. The southerners have never been so isolated or so weak. Senator Johnson has recently announced that evening and Saturday sessions will be held, with the obvious intention of wearing down their resistance. Nor can they hope for much from manoeuvres outside the Congress. Some of them speak bravely of another Dixiecrat campaign à la 1948, but that affair showed that the southern states have relatively little power to punish a Democratic presidential candidate.

Moreover, the temper of northern and western Democrats is visibly hardening towards these periodic threats of Dixiecrat activity. If the southerners bolt again, it is not impossible that they might be read out of the party. This would mean losing their committee chairmanship, their most valuable political possession.

Hence, perhaps, the relative good temper so far being shown in the debate. It may be that in this centennial year of Lincoln's election the South is finally going to concede defeat, or at least become somewhat resigned to its fate of being made over by the rest of the country.

G. M. CRAIG

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## The U.S. and Cuba

► SOMETHING SEEMS to have escaped general notice in the recent spate of reports about Cuban-U.S. "deteriorating relations": the display of indecision and lack of historical perspective implied by the U.S. State Department's policy of "playing it soft", as correspondents put it. The last episode of the crisis consisted of the State Department's holding off a seemingly impetuous congress from taking rash retaliatory action. Yet the immediate cause of the crisis was the State Department's peremptory note to Cuba protesting the terms of expropriation of U.S. holdings in that country.

Now, whatever the justice or injustice of the Cuban actions (and, to my mind, they are undoubtedly just), even those unacquainted with the nature of the Cuban Revolution should have been able to guess how recent Cuban events fit in with world history in the second half of the century. At very least, the U.S. State Department should have remembered its own experience of thirty years ago with U.S.-owned Mexican oil. Nevertheless, it was unable to anticipate Cuba's immediate and total rejection of the note. It could not bring itself to believe that the procedure that failed last November was even less likely to succeed in January. It failed to see what leaps to the eye from Cuban newspapers and assails the ear from Cuban lips, namely, the obvious strength of Cuban determination to chart its own destiny and overthrow U.S. economic domination. It failed to see the equally obvious reality that Guantánamo is, in effect, a valuable hostage held by Cuba: for the U.S., on the one hand, could hardly let it go; yet, on the other, could not possibly keep it by force, the day being now well in the past when gun-boats were useful diplomatic instruments. The latter was, indeed, an oversight all the more incredible since the State Department itself was instrumental in, and the U.S. was proud of, having helped to bury once and for all that particular technique of geopolitical negotiation.

All this it did realize eventually, but two weeks too late; only after it had fanned the fire of public anger and therefore increased congressional pressure for "reprisals". The outcome was a State Department recommending a caution, a foresight and a "patience" which it did not itself exercise: a State Department adopting a "soft approach" which amounts, no more and no less, to the preservation of the *status quo* before that State Department thought to take matters in hand. A clear admission, even without Eisenhower's self-avowed puzzlement, that the U.S. Government simply does not begin to understand the Cuban situation.

LESLIE DEWART

### SABRA

Angel or not, or man,  
And though he gave no name  
That goat black night,  
I wrestled him.  
And if we could wrestle,  
With neither fear nor blame,  
In this day's light,  
I am not sure,  
Angel or no, it would  
Be I who'd end up lame.

Richard E. DuWors

## Canadian Calendar

• After two years of planning and negotiation, arrangements have been completed to bring the Peking Opera to Vancouver, where it will appear in the Vancouver International Festival from August 10 to 12. Its program is not opera in the western sense, but rather mime, acrobatics, singing and dancing, with unusual concepts of stagecraft and acting. The company will also make visits to other Canadian cities.

• During 1959, 520 lives were lost in fires in Canada; in 1958 there were 532 fire fatalities, and in 1957, 638. These figures do not include forest fires.

• More than three hundred bids from Britain, Germany, Australia and South Africa, as well as Canada and the United States, have already been received for the one hundred licenses available in next September's buffalo hunt near Wood Buffalo National Park in the Northwest Territories. Licenses will cost Canadians \$50, non-residents \$200.

• The Income Tax Appeal Board will no longer conceal the identities of persons or corporations appealing tax assessments. Hearings will still be held in camera on request, but the name of the appellant and his counsel will appear in the written judgment.

• Canadian Actors Equity, in order to stimulate professional theatrical activity, and provide training and encouragement for its members, is setting up the Equity Showcase Theatre in the pattern of the Equity Library Theatre of the parent organization in the U.S. This is to be a non-profit organization, and no admission will be charged, although donations received at performances, as well as gifts from patrons and some financial support from Actors Equity, will be counted on to carry the productions.

• A visa modification agreement has been concluded between Canada and Spain: Canadian citizens holding valid passports may now visit Spain for up to three consecutive months without getting Spanish visas.

• For the first time in at least 20 years, the names of women will appear on Halifax county jury lists. There never has been any legal barrier to women on juries in Nova Scotia, but it was practice to omit them from the lists.

• The House of Commons gave unanimous backing to Montreal's bid to have the 1967 World's Fair held there. The application will be studied by the International Bureau of Exhibitions at Paris, and a final decision given on March 8th. (Austria has already submitted an application on behalf of Vienna.) Half the forty-million-dollar outlay which will be required in the preliminary stages during the seven years preceding the fair—the fair itself would last at least six months—would be supplied by the federal government; Quebec will give fifteen million dollars, and Montreal five.

• An amendment to the Lord's Day Act of Ontario will allow an admission fee to be charged for Sunday afternoon concerts, recitals and other musical performances.

• Andrew Maxwell Henderson, financial director of the CBC since 1957, has been appointed Auditor-General of Canada.

- Powassan virus, a form of deadly encephalitis to which children are highly susceptible, has been traced to ticks carried by squirrels, chipmunks and rabbits.

- On Feb. 1, legislation which would require Canadian subsidiaries of U.S. companies to divulge their annual financial statements was introduced in the Commons. At present the Companies Act exempts companies with fewer than fifty shareholders from the requirement of sending annual statements to shareholders and the Secretary of State; this advantage is thought to be one reason for the refusal of these firms to permit Canadian participation in their ownership. The information required of these companies in the proposed amendment would be less detailed than that required of the parent firm by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission.

- A technical advisory committee of the Dominion Council of Health has been studying the Sabin vaccine for Canadian use but has not yet completed its report. Two Canadian scientists will be sent to Russia in March to learn results of mass-immunization with live-virus anti-polio vaccine there.

- President de Gaulle of France and Mme. de Gaulle will pay a state visit to Ottawa from April 9 to 22.

- The budget of the National Gallery at Ottawa has been changed from a yearly account to an open account: this means that money not spent in one year may be carried over into the next, making it possible for the Gallery to accumulate funds for buying high-priced paintings.

- 106,928 immigrants came to Canada in 1959, the lowest number since 1949.

- At the beginning of February, Premier Frost of Ontario introduced a special day a week for committee meetings; in addition to the daily morning meetings of committees, the regular sitting of the legislature is adjourned from Tuesday to Thursday so that all of Wednesday can be turned to committee work. This plan will necessitate an extension of the current session.

- Atomic Energy of Canada Limited has announced that the U.S. will contribute five million dollars to the development of Canada's nuclear power reactor program. This suggests a surge of U.S. interest in the heavy-water nuclear reactor in which Canada has been specializing.

- Prime Minister Kishi of Japan stated during his visit to Ottawa in January that the government of Saskatchewan has invited Japanese industrialists to develop industries in their province. He said that Japanese companies would prefer to bring their own skilled labor for such enterprises.

- For the fourth consecutive year Michigan State University is holding a series of three Canadian-American seminars. Initiated in 1957, these seminars are designed to bring together a number of notable speakers to discuss topics bearing on the relationships of the United States and Canada and on problems of mutual interest to both countries. This year the first seminar, titled "Painting in Canada Today," was held on February 15 and featured Hugo McPherson, Jacques de Tonnancour and George Swinton. The two remaining seminars are "The Canadian Arctic: New North American Frontier" (March 14 and "Trade Unionism in Canada" (April 11).

## The Alienation of the Politician

DONALD V. SMILEY

► THE WORDS "POLITICS" and "politicians" have unsavoury connotations for most of us. One public opinion poll some time back revealed that most Canadians thought that our political parties placed their own interests above the general welfare, another that most American parents would be disappointed if their sons or daughters chose careers of elective political office. When some vital community interest is at stake there is almost always an outcry that the matter be taken "out of politics" and the damning charge is made every day that someone or other is "playing politics" with national defence or public highways or the local garbage collection system. Our universities share these attitudes and professional students of government group themselves into departments going by the pretentious and inaccurate label of "Political Science" rather than "Politics". And of course our elected representatives, never far out of step with popular prejudices, almost never describe themselves as "politicians" and some of them even go so far as to campaign on the basis that they are "above politics".

Among the unsophisticated there is a prevailing disposition to regard all elected officials as actual or would-be grafters. Thus, recent disclosures of the corruption of people in public office has occasioned relatively little surprise or indignation and a majority of our fellow-citizens are apparently unwilling to demand personal integrity from our elected representatives.

Although there is no room for complacency in this matter, we should not exaggerate the influence of corruption in our public affairs. Procedures now in force in most Canadian jurisdictions relating to the conduct of elections, to the auditing of public accounts, to the letting of governmental contracts and to employment in the public service have considerably narrowed the opportunities for official malfeasance which were available to politicians a half-century ago. More important than these procedures, however, are the kinds of motives which appear to guide our more able and successful political leaders. Although we can only speculate as to what these motives are, it is ridiculous to suppose that successful contemporary practitioners of Canadian politics like Messrs. Diefenbaker and Douglas and Frost and Martin and Manning are influenced by the prospects of personal material gain. Participation by able people in public life ordinarily involves more material sacrifices than rewards and anyone familiar with contemporary Canadian affairs will know of former political leaders, some of whom turned many sharp corners in their active careers, who were in difficult personal circumstances in their voluntary or enforced retirement from public office.

APART FROM THE WIDESPREAD disposition to regard elected officials as corrupt, there are, I believe, three other influences leading us to be unsympathetic to politicians and to politics as a process for dealing with public affairs. I should categorize these influences as:

(1) The individualistic assumptions of Anglo-Saxon Protestant morality;



(2) The rationalistic utopianism of the intellectual, and

(3) The overweening deference most of us pay to those who have exact and specialized knowledge.

Measured by the moral imperatives of the English-speaking Protestant world, the successful politician usually falls short. Many of us were nurtured on the Sunday-school hymn:

Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone,  
Dare to have a purpose firm,  
Dare to make it known.

Although the non-conformist conscience may be dying it is by no means dead, and many of us raised in this tradition assume in our heart of hearts that the supreme act of morality is to stand against the crowd; we identify ourselves in our higher moments with Luther defying the Council of Worms or the late Mr. Woodsworth proclaiming his pacifism in the House of Commons on the day war was declared or the lonely Jehovah's Witness on the street-corner. By these standards, the successful politician rates badly. His ability to get into office and to achieve even a limited number of his objectives after he is there will depend almost always on his standing not alone but with a great many others, many of whom will differ very profoundly from him in ideas and interests and some of whom he will actively dislike and distrust. The traditions of Cabinet solidarity and party discipline within which our parliamentary system operates impose a high premium on teamwork. Thus the successful politician is usually not a "righteous" fellow according to the individualistic and inflexible connotations that Protestants give to this quality. So we tend to believe that "it is better to be right than be president"—under the assumption that it is impossible to be both—and to give more honor to men of unbending integrity in our political history like George Brown and Arthur Meighen and J. S. Woodsworth than to those leaders like Macdonald and Sifton and King who were willing to make the moral sacrifices required to hold political power over long periods.

The intellectual has borne a traditional antipathy towards the politician. Plato's Republic was written against the backgrounds of military defeat and domestic decay that Athens had suffered under democratic rule and argues cogently that public affairs will be ordered adequately only when philosophers become kings or kings philosophers. Some two hundred years ago Adam Smith wrote of "that insidious and crafty animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician, whose councils are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs." And just a few years ago Walter Lippmann, perhaps the most respected political commentator of our day, wrote, "With exceptions so rare that they are to be regarded as miracles and freaks of nature, successful democratic politicians are insecure and intimidated men. They advance politically only as they placate, appease, bribe, seduce, or otherwise manage to manipulate the demanding and threatening elements in their constituencies. The decisive consideration is not whether a proposition is good but whether it is popular." A similar stricture was made of Canadian politicians and parties by Professor Frank H. Underhill a quarter-century ago when he asserted of our party system, "the necessary

result of all this complex process of balancing, of concessions and compensations, has been to enthrone insincerity in our national politics. Nor is the real nature of the system altered one whit by impressive reference to our British capacity for compromise in practical affairs."

It is indeed difficult to believe that intellectuals will ever have much sympathy for politicians. Almost inevitably the intellectual prizes clarity of expression and straight-forwardness in action and distrusts the concessions and half-measures and expedients by which the politician makes his way. (For example, we would not expect university folk, apart perhaps from those in Quebec, to develop any enthusiasm for the complex and devious procedure the federal government has recently suggested in regard to its grants to Quebec universities, although a few of us might regard this as an exercise of ingenious and constructive statesmanship of a high order). Scholarly observers of North American politics almost all agree that our public life would be less gross if politicians could be persuaded to wage their political struggles on the basis of fundamental "principles," i.e. on those grounds which men feel most strongly and with which they are least inclined to compromise, on the optimistic assumption that this could come about without heads being broken in the process. Finally, the intellectual is often a prim and humorless fellow with a deep-seated distrust of the bombast and hokum which is so much a feature of democratic political life.

A third source of the low regard in which the politician is usually held springs from the overweening deference which most of us pay to the expert. As the complexities of the matters with which governments must deal become increasingly apparent, many of us have the impulse to seek for expert answers to these problems, and to believe that if specialized judgment is applied to them unequivocal answers will be found. The politician is seldom an expert, except in the difficult but poorly regarded art of getting and staying in public office. At best he is a "specialist on things in general" and we should, I think, sympathize with him as he tries to come to decisions, which he must be able to defend in the face of hostile criticism, about matters whose intricacies he does not fully understand but where he must somehow try to reconcile the often conflicting considerations of administrative practicality, expert advice and public acceptability. The plain fact is that there are almost never "expert" answers to major questions of public policy, as there are "expert" answers to problems of medicine or engineering or law. Thus, in the politician's environment most important decisions cannot be made against clear-cut standards of right or wrong or against those provided by expert and specialized judgment but rather in terms of the age-old question, "who gets what?"

THE STANDARDS WHICH most of us apply to the politician are irrelevant to the responsibilities he has assumed. The demand that he accept a particular set of principles and that he go forward in an undeviating way to make them prevail is unreasonable. The politician lives within an environment in which all do not share his private purposes and in which to accomplish any part of them he must make the sacrifices required to get himself into power. His compromises and concessions and expedients are necessary precisely because

men differ, honestly and often intelligently, in their aspirations and interests and in a free society they are free to combine with their fellows in pursuit of these aspirations and interests. Thus the politician lives in an environment of actual or potential conflict where the contending forces must either be reconciled or, as in the totalitarian states, forcibly suppressed. And almost always the solutions that are reached satisfy no one completely and appear to fastidious folk to be so illogical as to be downright dishonest. So long as men are limited in their perceptions and sympathies and thus rate their objectives higher than those of their fellows, the alternatives are either suppression or accommodation, and at other times the conflicts whose resolution is the day-to-day achievement of our democratic politicians have resulted in violence.

In the long view, we Canadians have been well served by our politicians. Over a century ago our colonial reformers by their successful struggle for responsible government showed that a larger measure of national autonomy was compatible with continued adherence to the British connection and laid the foundations of the modern Commonwealth. Confederation itself was a first-class political achievement by any standards and the maintenance of the Confederation settlement has required a continuous exercise of political skill of the highest order. Our national independence was achieved without violence and with a minimum of bitterness. Almost continuously assailed by extremists from both groups, moderate and pragmatic politicians have been able to work out those accommodations which have allowed two cultures to live under one national roof. And in recent years we have had reason to be proud of our representatives in international affairs applying what Professor Chester Martin called "the canny empirical opportunism" which has characterized the Canadian political tradition, to an overheated and divided world sadly deficient in this unheroic quality. If any chauvinist wants to claim that Canadians have a genius for any worthwhile human activity, a case can be made that this genius is political.

The prevailing cynicism toward politicians and towards politics as a method for dealing with public affairs is alarming. Recent events seem to indicate that at least some portions of our electorate have become dangerously tolerant of proved corruption in public affairs. Also, our distrust of the political press has led to the immature and impossible demand that an increasing number of matters of urgent public concern be taken "out of politics" and at every level of government we see an increasing number of boards, commissions and what-not spending public funds and wielding public powers with no responsibility or with only the most tenuous responsibility to the voters or their elected representatives. On this basis we must do more than at present to encourage a sympathetic understanding of the politician and of politics and in particular to convince a portion of our most able young people that a career of elected public service is among the most exacting and honorable that they can follow. Democracy as we have known it does not depend on our becoming perfectly unselfish or even on most of us devoting our energies to public affairs but rather on a wider diffusion of the assumptions that have guided our better politicians—that social problems do not admit of easy or straightforward solutions, that men of conflicting aspira-

tions and interests can find it possible to go part of the way together and that half a loaf is almost always better than no bread at all.

#### REVERSE OBLVERSE

Brood; and the jagged day  
will howl about the ears,  
while languid clocks  
impede impatient time.  
Stagnating hours  
rot in tearless blurs,  
till thoughts go limping  
round, or boomerang.  
Perhaps a bird makes song,  
a stranger smiles,  
or just a whisper  
from another sphere.  
Then see the world  
turn over at a breath!  
What crystal richness  
hugs this freed obverse?  
Clocks, uninhibited,  
go flaunt your chimes!

*Armitage Hargreaves*

#### SMOG OVER PARNASSUS

A murky haze attends the march of Night,  
Fed by the fumes of graying inner fire  
That smoulders on the hearth of vain desire,  
And blackout drear assails the traitored height.  
No arc of promise meets the questing eye,  
No flaming torch alleviates the gloom;  
A candle flickers, ushering the doom  
Of souls that greet oblivion with a sigh.

The gods look down with pity and despair  
On tortured gift in thrall to sterile dream,  
Where beauty withers in the sullied air  
And finds interment in a soulless theme.  
For it is written large across the sky:  
That which betrays the Muse is born to die.

*Percy Adams*

#### MINDING SHOP ON A RAINY NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY

Tap-Tap of the window blind.  
When will it stop raining?  
Howl of the wind around the roof.  
Will anyone come out in this?  
Rattle of the door upon the hinges.  
Is it time yet to go home?

(The silver cash register,  
Ornate and slightly pompous,  
Rings up the total amount  
Of my hopes against my earnings.  
There is a discrepancy  
Of a lifetime.)

Wind sighing through the trees.  
Will anyone come to drive me home?  
Roar of a car hurtling past.  
Is there anything I forgot?  
Creak of the sign hinges.  
Same time again tomorrow?

*Marie Tavorog*

## The Return

A SHORT STORY BY WENDY MICHENER

► MRS. SMITH LIKED the cabin very well. She got on the boat early and put her bags on the lower berth. Then she set out for the "Ladies," and to her great satisfaction found it right around the corner.

By the time the ship sailed she had put her toothpaste, toothbrush, deodorant and washcloth by the sink, three piles of underwear in one drawer, her long corset in another with her good rayon blouses, and hung her two travelling suits and three best dresses in the cupboard. Mrs. Smith liked the cabin very well.

She was just about to change into what the saleslady had called a "cruise costume" when she was interrupted by the steward's bringing in six pale blue carnations and a telegram. It was from her niece Janie and said: "Best wishes for smooth sailing and happy home in England." That was sweet of Janie.

Mrs. Smith wondered what her cabin-mate would be like. There was a battered brown bag in one corner and a small navy flowered hat on the upper berth. That was all she had seen of her. By the hat she must be an older woman. By the bag, not too well off. Mrs. Smith was pleased. Thank goodness it was not some flighty young thing going to hang about with men all night and wake her up at all hours.

It was nice to have this six-day trip before arriving in Manchester. She wanted time to think before she saw Andy again. It just seemed she hadn't had a moment to herself since the day she received the letter inviting her to come to England to live with Andy and Vera.

There was the family house and furniture to be sold, and all the old clothes and junk to be given away to the Salvation Army. The house didn't get half what it was worth; but there was no sense in worrying about that now.

And all those old papers and pictures to be gone through, pictures of little Andy in his crib and daddy Andy fishing up North. She was amazed at the number of things she had collected in her 58 years. It was hard to throw away all those personal things. But there wasn't enough room in the three trunks for everything, and now that she was beginning a new life there was no use in hanging on to those things any longer.

The goodbye's were even harder. The ladies at the bake shop threw a pastry party. She cried at the end of it. The Church Guild gave a dinner in her honor and presented her with a silver plated tray in appreciation of her thirty-two years of altar service. She cried there too.

And Janie, Janie had been the kindest of all: helping her every night to pack and taking her out shopping every day, just like for a trousseau. Janie insisted on buying fur-lined boots and long woollen panties because Manchester was supposed to be cold and damp. And she spent almost two days putting "Auntie Helen's" recipe book into order.

It was hard to leave all these old friends, but reading Andy's letters she was sure she'd like living in England and be glad to settle down to being just a grandmother for a change.

"This is number B105?" said Mrs. Brown, trotting in over Mrs. Smith's reminiscences.

"I'm Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Brown. "When I came,

there were bags on the lower bunk, so I just left my hat on the upper."

Mrs. Smith saw right away that Mrs. Brown was her senior. There was white hair for her grey hair, false teeth for her real ones, thick elastic stockings for her nylon mesh, and she had obviously given up the vanity of a corset. But Mrs. Smith was a grandmother and she thought that entitled her to keep the lower berth. So she only said: "I'm Mrs. Smith."

Mrs. Brown hung up her moulting black handbag on to the bed, and allowed her weight to pull down into the armchair.

"You must be English," said Mrs. Smith.

"That's right, dearie, I'm from Liverpool. Lived there 69 years, right up until last year." Mrs. Brown leaned forward with a grunt of effort and undid the shoe laces of her black Oxfords.

Watching, Mrs. Smith thought "What a beating those poor little feet must take carrying around that weight of woman." About 184 pounds she decided. "How interesting," she said. "I'm going to Manchester and you're the first English person I've met. How fortunate that we're together. You'll have to tell me all about England."

"You're a Canadian, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, "I'm from Toronto. Do you know Toronto?"

"I lived there all last year, so I guess I know it right enough."

"Isn't that wonderful! We'll have lots to talk about, you and me." Mrs. Smith envisioned six peaceful days of playing cards, four-course meals and pleasant chats about England and Canada. Mrs. Smith liked her cabin-mate very well.

"It wasn't so wonderful." The reply dispersed the visions. "I thought it would be when I went a year ago, on this very ship. I thought it would be grand to have a fridge and a car and a tely . . . But here I am going back home, and glad to be getting back to England."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh well, it's all over now, isn't it dearie?" said Mrs. Brown. "Let's go down to supper. I'm looking forward to more of those wonderful meals I had coming over."

Mrs. Brown ate a half grapefruit, fillet of plaice with tartar sauce, chips and underdone steak (even though, as she explained, it was a little hard on the false teeth), ice cream, cake and two cups of tea. As she left the table, she put a banana in her big black handbag.

Mrs. Smith had cold consommé (why did Mrs. Brown say "You're a Canadian, I suppose?" in such a reproving tone of voice?), a pickled herring, (and what was "all over now," anyway?), a rare steak and French fried potatoes, (if I could just get her talking, maybe she'd tell me all about it), no dessert (at this rate Mrs. Brown will weigh 200 pounds by the end of the trip!), and black coffee (the English people in Andy's letters hadn't sounded at all like this woman).

AFTER DINNER MRS. BROWN took up a position near the piano in the main tourist class lounge. Mrs. Smith tried to read a copy of "The Robe" she found in the library. From the opposite side of the lounge she noticed that her cabin-mate consumed three glasses of beer. As the evening grew mellow, Mrs. Brown, along with a group of jolly middle-aged passengers, launched into: "Let's All Go Down the Strand," "Oh, I Do Like To



Be Beside the Seaside," and several other songs unfamiliar to Mrs. Smith, ending with "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Smith reached page 10 reading each page several times over.

At last Mrs. Brown made a move downstairs and Mrs. Smith came after, her questions neatly formulated in her head.

"I guess you didn't like Canada very well, Mrs. Brown?" she prompted just as Mrs. Brown was drawing the print dress over her head.

"Oh yes, dearie, I did. It's a beautiful country, there, north of Toronto, with the lakes and all. Oh, I liked Canada right enough."

Mrs. Smith tried again: "Well, I just wondered—you going back home, you know—I just wondered maybe if you didn't like the people much, or if you missed having culture. I've heard that a lot of English people say they miss The Culture in Canada."

"Well, I did miss the Prom concerts, but I wouldn't have minded that if everything had worked out all right. I wouldn't have come back 3,000 miles after breaking with everything in England just to go to the prom once a week. Oh no. I am not one of these genteel English ladies who leave home and then complain all the time, if that's what you think. I would have stayed, but I was booted out by my own son, my only relative in the world." Mrs. Brown wiggled vigorously into her long warm nightgown.

"Surely not, Mrs. Brown. Surely your own son wouldn't have the heart to throw you out?" Mrs. Smith couldn't seem to get the hooks of her boney corset undone. It was all the more difficult because she had modestly drawn her nightie over her before getting fully undressed.

"Indeed." Mrs. Brown abandoned her wash-up as the bitterness came again. "I don't suppose you can imagine that, can you?"

Mrs. Smith's corset gave a gasp as with a last violent effort she pried it off.

"But it's the truth, just the same. I got a letter about a year ago from my son, John, saying he had a big house and wouldn't I like to come across and live there with his wife and child. There was lots of room, he said. No letting, he had the whole house to himself. So I sold my tea shop, the one I was running with a friend—after all, it's better to live with your own family, isn't it?—and I took all my money and bought boat fare and put everything I owned into a trunk, all my pots and pans, everything."

"And did he really throw you out after all that? I wouldn't have stood for it."

"I suppose I shouldn't have said he booted me out, because I decided to leave myself when I couldn't take it any longer. But they both wanted me to leave, I know that, even my John. Always hinting that if I missed England so much he'd pay my way back. It all starts calmly enough, you know. "Mother," his wife says one day, "would you mind not coming into the kitchen any more. I am quite capable of handling the cooking myself. Really, it's no trouble at all." I couldn't even make myself a spot of tea. Then it gets to arguments about the child, and fights about the smallest little points. I tried to get along with her, but it's very difficult with two women in the one house, it doesn't matter how big it is, or how fancy and comfortable. I finally told him: 'I'm going back home, John. It's just not possible for

both of us to live in the same house.' 'If that's what you want, mum,' he says, quick like that, 'I'll book you a passage tomorrow.'"

Mrs. Smith didn't say anything.

"I suppose you think I was stupid to go to Canada. You think I should have known what would happen, don't you?" Well, I suppose I should have. But I was so lonely, and I wanted to see my granddaughter and be with my son again. So I just didn't think. I just sold everything and went. Said good-bye to everybody and everything I had ever known. And here I am coming back on the same ship only a year later. I've got all my pots and pans, everything I own in one big trunk down in the hold. I really don't know where I'll go because my friend moved away after we sold the shop . . .

Mrs. Brown hove herself up the ladder, one step at a time like a young child, humped herself down into the narrow bed and said:

"But it's all over now, isn't it, dearie?"

"I guess it is," said Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Brown soon began to snore with great strength and variety. In the first stage her breath was drawn in with the rattle of water down a drain. Then suddenly it burst out again through her toothless lips with a contemptuous, horse-like noise, and finally the last of it escaped with a whistle like a kettle on the boil.

Mrs. Smith lay in the lower bunk of her nice cabin with her toothpaste, toothbrush, deodorant and washcloth by the sink, with her three piles of underwear, long corset and good rayon blouses in the drawers, with her two travelling suits and three best dresses in the cupboard and with her six pale blue carnations on top of the bureau.

Mrs. Smith didn't sleep.

## TWO POEMS

(!)

What unravelled thought  
With clutter  
Shores her mind  
That like love of body first

And last besung when most  
Remembered as to none  
She wears her virtue well  
Sometimes?

" . . . . . "

Fancy that red-lit haven  
Keynotes aft of grey  
Some gold  
Did find us well  
One morning!

For it was day  
Sleepy  
Bent on thunder  
Not the night.

To wish)  
I could but Yes avow  
To things that spine us  
Living.

Gregor W. W. Sass

## Callaghan Revisited

MARGARET AVISON

► SURPRISE IS IN STORE for the reader of this book, a surprise that lasts and keeps renewing itself, as is the way with a work of art.\*

In a literal sense there are surprises too. By my count there are twelve stories in the collection that have not been published before in book form. From the earlier collections, *Native Argosy* (1928) and *Now That April's Here* (1936), there are twelve and thirty-two stories respectively. These have both been out of print long enough to make the whole book new for one generation.

"Short stories" is a catch-all term. In magazine pages to this day they often fill a role that recalls the non-conformist view of fiction of long ago: a form of lie contrived to waste the precious hours and indulge the day-dreams of the sinfully idle. The "bedside book" collections reflect the same attitude, except that they see idleness as a luxury rather than a sin. Remember how the writers overcame this condemnation, how they used a story to persuade and instruct, pleading the advantage of fiction as a form of bait or sugar-coating? That kind of story is still current too. Many a writer who wants to impart knowledge or present a cherished thesis uses stories for this purpose. There is always a wide public for stories too, and therefore a "market" inviting tailored-to-fit hack work.

Morley Callaghan's stories are the work of an artist with no such axe to grind, who makes no such concessions to the market's demands. His work is popular and powerfully persuasive. The important distinction is that these qualities are by the way, perhaps even unconscious; that a purity of artistic intention is everywhere unmistakable in him.

A few other artists have used the story form, sometimes to translate an oral *genre*—fairy tale and folk legend, or the witty anecdote—and sometimes to convey the subtle and oblique awareness that more commonly turns into a poem. But the Callaghan stories are distinct from these too.

This is not a way of arguing that the Callaghan stories are in a class by themselves (except insofar as every truly created work is unique). They exist in a literary history that clarifies something about them. It is the more worth attention in that we can too easily forget how distant, in this convulsive era, the starting-point of a contemporary writer can be. The twenties found storytellers elaborately representational, using a language that was deliberately and traditionally artificial. The revolution impressionism had long since made in painting had not yet had its literary counterpart, but some new way of using words was clearly needed. Two points of departure proved fruitful: how the world seems to me, and how I can present the world I see in its own terms.

There are antecedents for both approaches, but new means had to be found. Mr. Callaghan's is the second solution. He uses words to convey a whole impression from swift details, so skillfully that his contemporaries are unaware of art (or artifice). For artifice is there all right. If you imagine that the words of these stories are simply the spoken language of everyday life, think of the rapid change in idiom over the past four decades,

and look at the stories again. Has any sentence "dated"—or lost its immediacy? The words are plain talk, but not a resonance is permitted, not an overtone that localizes the effect. Verbal play has no place. Subjective shading is not invited. The story's world, not the writer's response to it, establishes its language, and in this way it is projected into independent life.

LIKE ALL DEFINITE TECHNIQUES this one imposes limits. People whose talk is not plain have little voice in these stories, for their terms would inevitably blur into the language of the writer's own thinking and confuse the writer's with his created world. When such people appear it is never in the foreground: the woman "who was interested in the new psychology" is not allowed to speak for herself. Overtones of sophistication are similarly avoided. In a bar a man spends an evening discussing American architecture—but in indirect discourse very far out of the limelight. Lawyers, advertising men, journalists, architects, even a student on a graduate fellowship may be characters in the stories, but none of them is caught reading. One newspaperman who faked some exposés of Toronto bootlegging finally went west on a harvesters' train claiming that he "didn't want to be an author, just write one book something like *Anna Karenina*." Even that much of a literary allusion is rare.

Obviously this style sacrifices some of the powers of language. Monosyllables become obtrusive at times—"cap" is an almost meaningless word by the end of "A Cap for Steve"—and there are so many people named Joe or Mary or Frank or George that all the characters tend to become memorably nameless. But these sacrifices are justified. "Very Special Shoes," for one, conveys in five and a half pages more than many full-length novels on the same theme—death, the desolation that follows, and its resolution. Life first:

Mrs. Johnson sat down, spread her legs, and sighed with pleasure and licked the ice-cream softly and smiled with satisfaction and her mouth looked beautiful.

Then the death:

It was to be an operation for cancer, and the doctor said the operation was successful. But Mrs. Johnson died under the anaesthetic. The two older sisters and Mr. Johnson kept repeating dumbly to the doctor 'But she looked all right. She looked fine.' Then they all went home. They seemed to huddle first in one room then in another. They took turns trying to console Mary, but no one could console her.

A few paragraphs later the story is completed:

... as she stared at them, solemn-faced, she suddenly felt a strange kind of secret joy, a feeling of certainty that her mother had got the shoes so that she might understand at this time that she still had her special blessing and protection ... Of course now that they were black they were not noticed by other children. But she was very careful with them. Every night she polished them up and looked at them and was touched again by that secret joy. She wanted them to last a long time.

A social attitude is implied by this choice of words, and their ability to project the stories does not explain it away. In at least six stories it is explicit. "I can see that I have been concerned with the problems of many

\*MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S STORIES: Macmillan; pp. 364; \$4.95.

kinds of people but I have neglected those of the very, very rich," the author says. Naturally there is poverty in those of the stories that evoke the depression period. But what seems to me marked is not the "kinds of people" so much as the insistence on their common humanity. The literary community, according to Allen Tate, has been increasingly isolated since Poe until there is today an alienation of literature "frequently reprehended by the common man." He goes on to define the "common man": "a person of our age who can be either 'educated' or merely arrogant" as set over against the literary fraternity. Whatever he may think as an individual, Morley Callaghan the artist stoutly ignores any such chasm of separation. He takes sides very seldom, but when he does in these stories it is in indignation at barriers set up by wealth or social confidence or learning. The stature and dignity of a human being is at stake there. Many a writer in the last decade has forged his style in the same cause, but I can think of not one whose force of conviction brings it to such a burning focus.

A single vision encompasses all the people of these stories in all their self-contradictions, betrayals, nobility, bewilderment. It is nothing in the nature of a conclusion—there is unrelieved desolation sometimes, tragedy, absurdity—but every pattern leads out into a larger atmosphere of mercy and wonder. This background is the human context of the Callaghan stories for all their sharp foreground focus. Conveying it is his art.

Love and family relationships are the themes of four-fifths of the stories included. The writer apparently selected the titles for this book by eliminating a story here that was too like another, one there because of its length. Two of my favorites are left out, "In His Own Country" and "An Autumn Penitent." May a companion volume of the longer pieces bring these back into circulation soon.

#### SHELTERING HEDGEROWS

Within the hedgerows creep nettle, purslane,  
Cobalt stones, centipedes and worms.  
No fences hinder them, they penetrate  
Dark secret places, cover shell-rocks  
Of amethyst and purple. Gaudy lichens  
Lift bold heads beyond the garnered fields.

Humid summer nights, frightful void of space;  
Dead nonentities lie on the road: rabbits,  
Worms, a centipede that strayed out of the hedgerow  
Obstructing the traveler's road.

Corn grows and flourishes beyond man's bidding  
quest,

The plain is vast and alien; no weed or vermin  
Touch the fruitful heads. Only the cryptic  
Corners of the bordering hedgerows  
Hold animals that crawl and spawn,  
Each a defiant cell breaking the life  
In a traditional manner, darkly subconscious  
In the intimacy of the long hedgerows.

*D. M. Pettinella*

#### THE FINGER

When the long winters kept the finger pointed  
Into the summers, men saved to survive.  
Quite simply, at the beginning, quite simply.  
So the present became needs to be.  
And the milk-nipple was withdrawn to teach;  
Pain drove out tears and gods retaliated.  
Habit then went the opposite intention:  
To give she took and held on to let go;  
Bit in the kiss, mangled the caress  
Snarled to laugh, or, at best, grew pale;  
Punished out of kindness, bound to free  
Till agony led to virtue, hate to love  
And brick-walls closed the open face;  
Eyes hid beyond open window-blinds  
The handshake turned into a game of poker  
And when two or three were gathered together  
They were so, at best, to discuss a deal.  
All that, all that, because the winters pointed  
A finger into the summers long ago.

Beasts had been tamed and forests felled,  
stones melted  
Seas charted, devils and demons given shapes  
When the finger stuffed God into man  
As the final, boundless act of fear.  
However, quite, quite in the wrong regions.  
Because there were no winters where it struck  
And because men there did not have to save.  
The words then took the opposite intention  
Saying: do not save and you shall be saved;  
Be not afraid for there are no winters;  
Save by giving, drive out tears with kisses  
Punish not, free the bound, love to virtue  
Out of the sun's abundance and the land's;  
Unveil your eyes and bear your faces open  
Do not haggle, laugh and simply be.  
Quite simply, at the beginning, quite simply.  
Till the word spread and met the winters  
And the winter-men with bank-accounts  
And frozen faces and loveless wives;  
Met them in a one-sided game of poker  
Having thrown in its hand and smiled  
Met them and left them terribly confused,  
Terribly, terribly confused . . .

*Anthony Frisch*

#### FRONTAL CUMULUS

Under the eaves of the storm voices rise  
more piercing and echo down  
from the cloudlid. Funeral  
bells toll toiling knife-grinder tattershoe  
down roads, torn felt hat pulled over  
the face of Hieronymus Bosch.

Children don't watch for him, black and grey  
man weatherburned to medieval dun, his  
mind a grind of mercenary thought knivesparks  
under the grey felt hat, color of cloud  
eyes the color of lightning.

*Phyllis Gotlieb*



## Television Notebook

► THE SADDEST NEWS of the current American television season—which began last fall with a series of bangs and may soon end with the most pitiful of whimpers—is that *Playhouse 90* has ceased to be a regularly scheduled program and in future will appear only as a "special," whenever the CBS network makes room for it. This is sad because *Playhouse 90* was the only substantial dramatic program on the American networks, and the most interesting on the continent. Plagued by rating troubles and frequent sponsor shortages, it now takes another step towards extinction. So far, there is nothing in sight to replace it.

During the last three or four seasons, most of our hopes for original TV drama were fastened on *Playhouse 90*. It managed to fulfill at least some of them. The quality of scripts and productions was inevitably uneven, but the program's best moments were better than anything of their kind available in the late 1950's. *Playhouse 90*'s most endearing quality was spontaneity. It had about it a fresh, open feeling which suggested that the producers were not desperately afraid of falling on their faces, that they were not always betting on a sure thing. They had their disasters, of course—the most famous was the inept propaganda piece, *The Plot to Kill Stalin*, in which it was suggested that the wily Khrushchev had actually caused Stalin's death. But they stumbled through such horrors, and found time for a succession of triumphs: Rod Serling's moving play about a fighter, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*; the brilliant adaptation of Faulkner's *The Old Man*; a fine documentary about alcoholism, *Days of Wine and Roses*; the perfect TV version of *A Child of Our Time*. There were at least a dozen more that were first-rate, and perhaps a score of others that achieved something much better than run-of-the-mill quality.

I don't want to suggest that all this must necessarily end with the conversion to "special" status. But the history of television dramatic specials is not a happy one, whatever you may read in the TV columns of the New York Times. In the peculiar jargon of TV, "special" usually means "commonplace." The special shows—like Dupont Show of the Month and Ford Startime—rarely give us original plays. They stuff their schedules with the guaranteed, *Good Housekeeping*-approved classics, like *Oliver Twist*, or with modern stage hits like *The Browning Version*, or with rewrites of old movies, like *Mrs. Miniver*. David Susskind, the leading producer of dramatic specials, courageously speaks out in public for a livelier, more vigorous television and then privately bets his sponsors' money on horses that can't fail to finish first.

IN CANADA, the recent history of specials is no more encouraging. *Folio*, which sank without a trace at the end of last season, was the best Canadian TV show, but its selection of plays leaned heavily toward the respectable and almost entirely avoided the experimental. (Even its celebrated *Death of a Salesman* was a rough copy of the English commercial TV production, using the same star and the same director.) This season, the Canadian-made contributions to *Ford Startime*, produced by the department that handled *Folio*, have been even more conservative: *The Gioconda Smile*, Aldous Huxley's psychological murder story, was given a fair

production which couldn't overcome the fact that the script is by now worn out; Ugo Beti's *Summertime* turned out to be the mildest sort of farce, and a dull one at that; and *The Browning Version* was given a cramped, one-hour production that only emphasized how little we needed another exposure to that staged, filmed, televised and published chunk of mediocrity.

*Ford Startime* doesn't entirely limit itself to this sort of thing, of course. But when it moves outside the narrow range of accepted popular material it almost always stumbles. Two recent productions—James Thurber's tale, *The Thirteen Clocks*, done as a musical, and Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*—demonstrated that the special programs department of CBC television still hasn't learned what television can and cannot do.

*The Thirteen Clocks* proved, as if it needed proving again, that fantasy still cannot be contained in a television studio. Fantasy, after all, demands a fantastic approach. But television, with its specific localized images and its necessarily intimate relationship between viewer and actor, drags every mood down to that of hard reality. Only the most talented performers and directors can offset this pressure, and certainly those responsible for the Toronto production could not accomplish it. The cast, which included Jack Creley, Eric House, Robert Goulet and Kate Reid, was never pulled into a unified style of performance. Creley played his mad duke with wild, emphatic glee, House reacted with a fey kind of withdrawal, Goulet performed like the romantic lead in a Broadway musical, and Miss Reid, monstrously miscast as an old woman who cries jewels instead of tears, played it as if Chekhov had written the book. Despite the occasional brilliance of the dialogue ("I'll slit you from your guggle to your zatch," threatens the duke, and at another point confesses "Everyone has their faults; mine is being wicked") it was all as light-hearted as a German production of *Salad Days*.

*An Enemy of the People*, on the other hand, has virtues which should make it ideal for television. The plot is easily understandable: a doctor in a small city discovers that the new health centre is using polluted water, but his fellow citizens suppress the discovery out of civic greed. The moral is equally plain: in the country of the blind, the sighted man is an outcast. But as a television show, *An Enemy of the People* has faults which outweigh its virtues. It depends on a kind of all-out oratory that is ideal for the stage but disastrous when seen through a TV set. Harvey Hart's production, with Leslie Nielsen as the inhumanly perfect doctor and Mavor Moore as the humanly imperfect politician, accentuated this problem rather than solving it. Hart filled our living rooms with wild shouting, much of it incomprehensible, and in the last scene he switched the mood abruptly from down-to-earth realism to a stylized presentation that allowed the townspeople to shout, chorus-like, the word "ENEMY," over and over again. At the same time, Hart did nothing to offset Miller's black-and-white presentation of the characters, which is certainly the worst aspect of the adaptation. If anything, he accentuated this, too. Douglas Rain was made to play a caricature of the lip-service liberal newspaperman, and Moore in the last scenes was allowed to slip from a fairly believable reading of the mayor's part to a sinister and altogether unbelievable pose. Nielsen acted throughout like an Old Testament prophet.

THE OTHER NIGHT I met a Toronto advertising man who spends most of each day buying television programs. He selects the programs, arranges for the CBC network to show them, and supervises the preparation of commercials. The programs are the usual ones—westerns, drama, thrillers, comedy, the lot. What is interesting about this man is that he does not own a television set. He sees pilot films of his programs, buys them, and forgets them. His only means of judging their effect is the series of figures presented to him regularly by the ratings services. He probably would not like to put it this way, but the fact is that he is above watching television in his spare time.

Now it seems to me regrettable that television, the largest part of contemporary entertainment, has fallen into hands like these. It would be silly to sentimentalize about the people who ran show business in the past, but even the most vicious vaudeville booker or the greediest Broadway producer always made it his business to know what he was putting on the stage; in fact, I've never known anyone connected with stage productions of any kind who did not exhibit a certain pride in his work. (And in the movies, even old Louis B. Mayer, I'm told, was sometimes moved to tears by his own productions.) But the men who dominate television count decimal points more important than their own human reactions. The only logical outcome of that attitude is the cold, dehumanized entertainment which now fills the television schedules of the United States and Canada.

ROBERT FULFORD

### COMBINES

By day

red dinosaurs feed  
among sun stalks  
browsing on ripe noon flats  
where razored teeth  
slice fourteen-foot nibbles  
from the trembling wheat  
and men sit, bronzed and watchful  
on hot steel  
keepers of a blind reptilian flock  
through the gold-dust  
August  
afternoon

By night

they hunt  
in the velvet murk  
stalking the fence lines  
where seal-beam eyes  
flush lock-stepped ranks of grain  
and men slump, numb and grey  
on cold steel  
blind keepers of the flock  
through the ice-crust  
August  
dawn.

James A. MacNeill

## Turning New Leaves (I)

(Napoleon: "There lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep! For when he wakes he will move the world.")

► PROFESSOR J. TUZO WILSON has recently visited China, and has written a lively account of his experiences.\* It is over thirty-five years since I went to China, where I spent three years, and I found his book particularly interesting because of the enormous changes that have taken place.

In 1924 there was no government of China in any usual sense of the term. There were provincial governors (some of them were very properly called "war-lords") who controlled various areas and fought amongst themselves for wider powers. The commander who held Peking could pretend to be head of the central government, and was in a favored position in relations with foreign powers and in collecting revenue. Those who held Shanghai and Canton were also able to collect additional revenue. The fighting was fairly continuous, but was not particularly savage in many places. A large number of the soldiers were shod with felt slippers and carried umbrellas, and their ammunition was sometimes quite innocuous. On one occasion, so it was stated, the general of the army which held Shanghai found himself threatened by what he judged to be superior forces, and instead of fighting or withdrawing, he sold his army for two million dollars to the opposing general, put his money in a foreign bank, and settled down to enjoy life in the International Settlement. The western powers had agreed not to supply these war-lords with arms, but the agreement was not kept, and gradually the equipment improved from these sources and by domestic manufacture from materials imported for the purpose.

As a result of wars and treaties, various foreign powers had acquired extra-territorial rights in China, and control over the administration of external customs duties, the post office and the railways. Peking had a Legation Quarter in which foreign troops were stationed, and the various powers had the right to station troops in some sixteen Treaty Ports, where areas were set aside under foreign control for business and residential purposes. Tientsin had at one time eight such settlements; Shanghai had reduced its areas to an International Settlement and the French Concession. Mr. Gunther, recounting the gossip he picked up inside Asia, wrote that during a demonstration in Shanghai in 1925 "British police shot Chinese workmen." The police were Sikhs employed by the Council of the Settlement, whose chairman was an American. This sort of reporting has continued to confuse judgment to the present day.

The currency system was chaotic. A great deal of official business was transacted in taels which were used for some books of accounts, and in which cheques could be drawn, but they did not exist in paper or coin. The money in circulation in different areas had a varying rate of exchange with the tael, whose value was determined by the price of silver in London. The silver dollar (Mexican: a large number of Mexican dollars had been exported as silver to China many years before

\*ONE CHINESE MOON: J. Tuzo Wilson; Longmans, Green; pp. 274; \$5.50.

and had been used as currency, and various governments had imitated this coin) was worth more than ten ten-cent pieces, and the ten-cent piece was worth more than 10 copper coins. To complicate things further, foreign coins were in circulation in certain areas.

In 1950, for the first time for over a hundred years, China had a central government in effective control of the whole country ("China proper"; Manchuria and Tibet were added later, but Formosa and Outer Mongolia, which have at times been part of China, remain), unmitigated by special rights and privileges for foreigners. This revolution was started by Sun Yat Sen, and there can be little doubt that the Communists, who completed it nearly fifty years later, are his legitimate successors, for his chief aims were to unify the country, to rid it of foreign control, and to destroy the power of the landlords.

PROFESSOR WILSON FOUND, of course, the same authorities at the Russian and Hong Kong borders and far up the Yellow River; his interpreter told him what had been done with the landlords; and the treatment of foreigners was such that in the olden days might have "brought a gunboat" to the scene. Not that he, personally, received anything but courteous treatment, but he hardly seems to have ventured from his hotel without his interpreter, which I find difficult to understand.

One of the most important changes in China has been in its roads and railroads. Chiang Kai-shek built some railways and many roads (with forced labor) between 1928 and 1937; the Communists are completing the task, and Professor Wilson who did not see, as I did, a caravan of camels arriving in Peking, gives an idea of the difficulties: 187 tunnels between Paochi and Lanchow; the bridges at Wuhan. The journey from Siam to Lanchow used to take sixteen days, but he made it between "after lunch" and next morning. He says that in 1946 Lanchow had a population of 118,000, but I have a book published in 1915 which puts it at 500,000. The discrepancy seems too great to explain by war damage, but population figures for China have not been very reliable for a long time. Professor Wilson does not report seeing large numbers of soldiers and police; fewer at Hong Kong than at the Russia frontier. His reprinting of Mr. Walter Gordon's account of the May Day parade, with its quotation of what was said of the same parade by "one of the weekly news magazines that is so widely circulated through the western world," shows how extremely difficult it is to get anything but propaganda in reports of China. Professor Wilson himself says that "There is no question but that in the revolution millions of people were executed, most without trial and many without cause. Other tens of millions were ruined . . ." The Communists have made no secret of the fact that many people were "liquidated," but I have been unable to find reliable figures to justify his statement, and he does not give his source.

Professor Wilson did not find the Chinese impassive and inscrutable; on the contrary, he found them full of fun and humor, as had Bertrand Russell many years earlier, and many other visitors. I remember, during a grim period in Tientsin, when people's heads were occasionally hung up as a warning on telephone posts, meeting an executioner and his squad of men, and the amusing way in which he adjusted the head gear of each of them before allowing me to photograph them. On

the other hand I have seen Chinese, who did not wish to answer questions put to them, become as impassive as a Mexican Indian.

He is sympathetic to the Americans who "poured treasure, missionaries, arms, advisers and affection into China for generations" and have now been made "the chief target of vicious and unwarranted hate campaigns." It must not be forgotten, however, that from 1927 to the present day the Americans have consistently backed Chiang, who has throughout this period been doing his best to destroy the Communists; and that the Americans have maintained that the present regime in China is a temporary one, and have prevented its recognition by the United Nations. When the split came between Chiang and the Communists in 1927, the leaders of the Communists were Chu Tek, son of a wealthy land-owning family; Mao Tze-tung, son of well-to-do peasants; and Chou-en-lai, son of a great Mandarin family. They were increasingly supported by peasants, industrial workers and the intelligentsia, but the Americans refused to believe reports which showed that the future was with these people. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, the Snobs, Lir Yutang and many reporters warned them. Pringle, in his Penguin Special in 1939, wrote: "the Chinese Communists . . . are by far the most vital force in China today. They have shown a practical vigor both in peace and war which, it seems, must inevitably give them a large share in the China of the future." John Pratt, one of the best informed men in the world on China, wrote to *The Times* in 1950 that the Chiang government "after sinking to incredible depths of corruption and reducing their country to unprecedented depths of misery, was at length driven out and now a government has been set up which is honest, purposeful and disciplined, and which has already dealt successfully with many of the most persistent evils in Chinese society."

When General MacArthur visited Chiang and then, commanding the United Nations force in Korea, pushed towards the Chinese frontier, the Chinese may well have thought that their future was threatened. They sent "volunteers" to fight in Korea (the Americans had sent and supported the American Volunteer Air Force to fight the Japanese in China before Pearl Harbor), and this strengthened the American opposition to recognition of the Chinese government.

Professor Wilson says that "We in Canada have a particular reason to sympathize with the Nationalists exiled in Formosa". I cannot guess what the reason is unless it is explained by his far-fetched comparison with the United Empire Loyalists. I suggest that, although he tries to make a very fair and impartial statement, he occasionally drops in a remark which causes one to wonder if he has not been influenced by propaganda unwittingly: which of us has not? He does not, however, refer to the "Free World," thank goodness. The *Saturday Evening Post* recently published an article entitled "Can We Keep Africa Free?" One wonders whether the word has any meaning left. Professor Wilson is anxious that we should try to understand and get on with the Russians and Chinese. Visits such as his, and books such as his, may do a great deal to make this possible.

C. A. ASHLEY



## Turning New Leaves (2)

► IN OUR MODERN WORLD most kinds of folklore have ceased to play a vital part in the lives of the people who formerly preserved them. Almost the only kind that is still as prevalent and as lively as ever is the lore of children. In the traditional folk process, songs and rhymes and tales were generally passed down from parents to their offspring, but in recent times, most parents have stopped handing on the items they learned in their youth. Yet the children themselves still go merrily on teaching each other the ancient games and formulas that have delighted their predecessors for many generations.

This fascinating book\* is the first extensive study of the strange and primitive culture that continues to flourish on the streets and in the playgrounds, almost unknown to the adult world. It is no new field to Iona and Peter Opie who in 1951 produced *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, bringing together almost everything so far known about nursery rhymes together with considerable hitherto unpublished material. That classic collection took seven years to compile; the eight years since have gone into the making of this one.

The present study concentrates on the lore passing between children themselves, as distinct from nursery rhymes which are essentially the lore that parents recite to youngsters. This is based on the contributions of some 5,000 children attending seventy schools widely distributed throughout the British Isles, and the contemporary British material has been enriched by comparisons with similar material known in past ages and with some collected in other parts of the world.

Here are the satirical and nonsense rhymes, the street jeers and nicknames, the tongue twisters and spooky stories, the riddles and tricks, that are part of the child's private world. Here are the rituals of initiation, claiming precedence, testing truthfulness, reading characters, keeping lookouts, curing warts, and telling fortunes. Here are catalogues of the terms used for spoil sports, dunces, copycats, and cry-babies, and bullies, and the customs with which children celebrate familiar and unfamiliar holidays throughout the year. Carefully gathered and skilfully collated, these sayings and practices reveal a living culture as strange as any the anthropologists study.

This is not a book for children: they know all about the world it pictures. Rather, it is a book for adults who have forgotten or only dimly remember their own childhood—a book that will stir their memories with long-forgotten phrases: "Cowardy, cowardy, custard, ate a bowl of mustard," "Cross my heart and hope to die!" "Finders keepers, losers weepers," "Step on a crack, break your mother's back," "See a pin and pick it up, and all that day you'll have good luck." If you ever chanted, "Here comes the bride, fair, fat and wide," or wrote in your Latin text,

"Latin is a dead tongue  
Dead as dead can be:  
It killed the ancient Romans,  
And now it's killing me,"

or tricked your chum with the centuries-old gag:

\*THE LORE AND LANGUAGE OF SCHOOLCHILDREN: Iona and Peter Opie; Oxford; pp. 417; \$7.00

"Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me  
Went down to the river to bathe.  
Adam and Eve were drowned.  
Who do you think was saved?"

then this book will recall many echoes of your school days.

Two points are particularly striking: the age and uniformity of much of the children's lore, and the speed with which new rhymes travel around the world by the schoolchild grapevine. Many traditions survive almost unchanged for centuries: as the Opies put it, "Boys continue to crack jokes that Swift collected from his friends in Queen Anne's time; they play tricks which lads used to play on each other in the heyday of Beau Brummel; they ask riddles which were posed when Henry VIII was a boy."

On the other hand, the lore is continually springing up and spreading throughout the child community at an almost miraculous pace. For example, King Edward VIII abdicated on December 10, 1936, and that Christmas English schoolchildren from Chichester in the south to Liverpool in the north were chanting:

"Hark the herald angels sing  
Mrs. Simpson's pinched our king."

Similarly, in 1956 the ballad of "Davy Crockett" was carried around the world by radio, and almost as swiftly these lines followed it:

"Born on a table top in Joe's Cafe,  
Dirtiest joint in the U.S.A.

He polished off his father when he was only three,  
And polished off his mother with D.D.T."

Before the end of the year, this verse was known not only in the States but in half a dozen British towns and also in Australia, without benefit of print or wireless; in the Opies' words, "it seems that the schoolchild underground also employs trans-world couriers."

The durability and universality of simple rhymes is almost unbelievable. For at least a century children throughout the English-speaking world have been chanting a little skipping rhyme that begins:

"Mother, mother, I fell ill,  
Send for the doctor on the hill,"

and this trifle has managed to cross the language barrier: French-Canadian children may be heard chanting, "Maman, maman, je suis malade." Similarly, another rhyme known in slightly varying forms in Britain, the United States, and Canada, begins:

"Are you going out, sir? No, sir. Why, sir?  
Because I've got a cold, sir.  
Where'd you get the cold, sir?  
At the North Pole, sir,"

and in Montreal the children bounce their balls to this ditty:

"Allo, allo, monsieur.  
Sortez-vous soir, monsieur?  
Non, non, monsieur. Pourquoi donc, monsieur?  
Parce que j'ai trop le rhume, monsieur."

While recording some children's rhymes in Toronto last spring, I found that East York's Webster School yell is:

"One, two, three, four, who are we for?  
Webster, Webster, rah, rah, rah!  
Five, six, seven, eight, who do we hate?  
Secord, Secord, boo, boo, boo!"

Somewhat to my surprise, I found that the Opies had heard this identical yell used by the children of Powis

School in Aberdeen to express their antagonism to Gordons. Another little song by the children of East York's Selwyn School ran:

"Vote, vote, vote for dear old Janey.  
Who's that knocking at the door?  
If it's Janey, let her in,  
And we'll chuck her on the chin,  
And we won't vote for Janey any more."

and the Opies quote Sir Anthony Eden as saying: "I remember how in the old days the boys used to go round singing in chorus:

"Vote, vote, vote, for so-and-so,  
Punch:old so-and-so in the eye.  
When he comes to the door  
We will knock him on the floor  
And he won't come a-voting any more!"

Similarly, the old Irish skipping rhyme, "One, two, three, O'Leary," become "One, two, three, alary," in England, and in Canada it produced:

"One, two, three, alora,  
Four, five, six, alora,  
Seven, eight, nine, alora,  
Ten a-Laura Secord!"

The variations that spring up sometimes provide informal foot-notes to history. Some three hundred years ago English children were singing about the king of France who went up a hill with forty thousand men. Last century the king was replaced by Napoleon, and in the present century by Kaiser Bill. Similarly, in 1918 Scottish children used to chant:

"When the war is over and the Kaiser's deid,  
He's no' gaun tae Heaven wi' the eagle on 'is heid,"  
and after World War II, girls in Aberdeen were skipping rope to these lines:

"Now the war is over, Mussolini's dead,  
He wants to go to heaven with a crown upon his head,  
But the Lord says no, you must go down below,  
All dressed up and nowhere to go."

The mass media which have destroyed so many oral traditions have merely provided new subjects for children's rhymes. An old skipping rhyme took on a new flavor as

"Charlie Chaplin went to France  
To teach the ladies how to dance,"

and other film stars like Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin, Betty Grable, Diana Dors, Mickey Mouse, and Popeye have also been immortalized in children's verses.

Nor are modern developments overlooked, as witness this 1958 commentary on current events:

"Catch a falling sputnik,  
Put it in a matchbox,  
Send it to the U.S.A.  
They'll be glad to get it,  
Very glad to get it,  
Send it to the U.S.A."

Advertisements, too, have left their mark. Most famous, of course, is the parody:

"Hark the herald angels sing  
Beecham's pills are just the thing.  
They are gentle, meek and mild,  
Two for man and one for child,"

and in Toronto the children chant:

"Yankee Doodle went to town  
Riding on a pony.  
He stuck his head in a beauty shop  
And came out with a Toni."

While many sections will delight you by recalling half-forgotten lore, other parts will surprise you with completely fresh material. Few Canadians know that on May 1, half of England's children try to make "May goslings" as they made "April fools" a month earlier, or that in northern England November 4 has largely replaced Hallowe'en as "Mischief Night." Most of us have heard of the Christmas waits and mummers, but we know less of the "guisers" who appear on Hallowe'en, or the "Wran Boys" who make their rounds on St. Stephen's Day.

Whether you want to take a sentimental journey back to your own childhood, or an exploratory trip into the strange corners of the modern child's world, this book will prove an enchanting guide. And if you want to continue your explorations, you might visit "The Singing Streets" of Ireland and Scotland as recreated by Ewan MacCool and Dominic Behan on Folkways record FW 8501.

EDITH FOWKE

## Books Reviewed

TRIUMPH IN THE WEST, 1943-1946: Arthur Bryant; Collins; pp. 576; \$6.00.

This second and final instalment of Sir Arthur Bryant's book on the Second World War "based on the diaries and autobiographical notes of Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke" is similar in tone and method to the first, *The Turn of the Tide*. Like it, it is made up of three parts: extracts (alas, extracts only) from the detailed contemporary diary which Alanbrooke, with the sort of disregard for security regulations which field marshals can get away with, kept for the information of his wife; post-war commentaries on the diary produced by Alanbrooke from memory; and "continuity" provided by Bryant. Judging the book as a contribution to history, all except the first category could have been spared. It would have been much more useful if Lord Alanbrooke had published the whole of the diary without gloss or afterthoughts; for with all its defects of prejudice and lack of perspective it is a record made at the time by a participant, and a very able and important one, who was in an ideal position to know what was going on. Along with some contemporary correspondence which is included, the diary extracts make some significant additions to our knowledge of the development of Allied strategy and the problems of Allied command.

The whole book, and Bryant's contributions not least, is instinct with personal and national prejudice. As in the earlier volume, Alanbrooke, a very able soldier who made a great contribution to the Allied victory, is represented as the chief architect of that victory; at times, he almost seems to be winning the war single-handed. These exaggerations, unfortunately, seem likely in the long run to damage rather than to enhance his reputation. The picture of Churchill here painted by one of his closest collaborators gives us more of the warts than of the greatness; yet it is unquestionably a source which Sir Winston's future biographers will ignore at their peril. But it is the Americans who take the beating. With the notable exception of MacArthur, who functioned in a theatre with which Alanbrooke had little direct concern, they are pretty uniformly represented

as dolts and incompetents. And it is just possible that here too exaggeration will undo itself. For there is frequently a great deal to be said for the British point of view in the Anglo-American strategic controversies with which the book deals, and yet the intelligent lay reader is likely to discount much of the underlying sound sense that is present because of the obvious overlayer of partiality. Of all the book's absurdities, the worst perhaps is Bryant's attempt to take over the North-West Europe invasion as a British strategic project. Whatever else may be said for or against the Americans, they were the sponsors of that plan, and the British merely concurred in it. Yet Bryant, as indeed he did in the previous volume, asserts that "Brooke knew that victory could only be won ultimately through *Overlord*" and that *Overlord*—the invasion project—was the "culmination" of Brooke's Mediterranean strategy. For this he produces no evidence from Brooke's papers or elsewhere. When he finds his hero, in October 1943, writing in his diary of the Americans' "insistence to abandon the Mediterranean operations for the very problematical cross-Channel operations" he is at pains to explain away the inconvenient adjective.

General Eisenhower is the book's chief victim, and one cannot help regretting that publication was not withheld until he had ceased to be president. However, since it is here, comments are in order; and though exaggerations are as prevalent here as elsewhere, it must be said that the evidence is damaging. Few Americans, indeed, are likely to assess it at its full value, for it consists mainly of the contemporary correspondence between Montgomery and Alanbrooke—which seems to this reviewer the most interesting part of the book. And these two able British officers were so strongly convinced of the importance of getting control of the land battle out of Eisenhower's hands that in November 1944 they proposed (on Brooke's motion) the appointment of the American General Bradley as land force commander with Montgomery commanding under him north of the Ardennes. Eisenhower would not agree to this, but according to a letter from Montgomery to Brooke he agreed to place Montgomery in full control north of the Ardennes with Bradley under him; subsequently, after being, in Montgomery's view, "got at" by the American generals, the Supreme Commander reversed himself, and only after the Ardennes crisis broke was Montgomery placed temporarily in command north of the Ardennes. (He records, incidentally, that on then visiting the First and Ninth U.S. Armies he found that "Neither army commander had seen Bradley or any of his staff since the battle began . . . Morale was very low. They seemed delighted to have someone to give them firm orders." Perhaps this is not to be taken at its full face value; but it is contemporary evidence which the historian cannot disregard.)

This Brooke-Montgomery correspondence does increase Brooke's military stature. For the respect which Montgomery had for him is evident; and the soundness of his judgment in quasi-political matters appears in his frank advice to Montgomery concerning his relations with Eisenhower. Had the British field commander combined with his great strategic gifts the sort of tact which Brooke sought to enjoin upon him, there might have been fewer Anglo-American difficulties during that famous and controversial campaign.

C. P. STACEY

THE ART OF FRENCH FICTION: Martin Turnell; Hamish Hamilton; pp. 375; \$6.00.

Literature in France is, as Somerset Maugham once remarked, "un moyen de parvenir" which is quicker than politics and surer than business. In criticism, therefore, the swans of literature are often jostled by the many literary ducks. Not so in the books of Martin Turnell, who concerns himself with "the elucidation of a series of individual experiences." Through his landscape glides a procession of indubitable swans.

*The Art of French Fiction* must be regarded as a complementary study to *The Novel in France*, in which the major French novelists are given major treatment, for Mr. Turnell builds on the assumptions that Stendhal is "the Janus looking back into the past and forward into the future," the greatest French novelist who, with Proust, provides the standards by which other novelists can be judged; that Flaubert created an aesthetic which revolutionized the novel; and that, besides these masters, two individual masterpieces, Mme. de La Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves* and Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, are indispensable literary touchstones.

In the foreword of his *Baudelaire*, published in 1953, Mr. Turnell described the laudable purpose which still directs his criticism:

The critic must do his utmost to send people back to the texts of the authors whom he discusses. Every work of criticism ought to be a miniature anthology of his subject's finest lines because this is the surest way of communicating enthusiasm; and one of the easiest ways of finding out whether a book of criticism is worth reading is to look at the proportion of quotations it contains.

In *The Art of French Fiction* quotations are skilfully amassed. Whether they illustrate the imagery of a whole cycle of novels or are the object of an "explication de texte," their cumulative effect makes it imperative for the reader to seek them again in their own context. Since language in the novel is inseparable from form and vision, it is an illuminating guide in the reassessment of authors.

Mr. Turnell's own style is trenchant and lively. In the short essay on de Maupassant, he comments:

The story has the neatness of an equation. Whatever its terms, whether you add, subtract, divide or multiply, the answer in Maupassant always comes to zero . . . He was the inventor of the commercial short story whose descendants must be sought in the glossy magazines—the professional entertainers who start somewhere near the front and who finally pull off their modest tricks somewhere in the back pages among the advertisements for cosmetics, underwear and aphrodisiacs.

Yet Mr. Turnell is at his best when he writes of more important and more difficult authors than de Maupassant. Zola is upgraded in a monumental study; Gide is down-graded, for cogent reasons; as is Mauriac, for reasons which interest, but which count for very little, after all, ranged against the tremendous artistic impact of his created world. However just or unjust Mr. Turnell's assessment of individual authors may appear to the reader, his patient scholarship, deep intuitive appreciation, and sensitive penetration of the author's creative intention make the process of assessment valuable and delightful.

MARGARET HEIDEMAN



CONTEMPORARY CANADA: Miriam Chapin; Oxford; pp. 332; \$7.50.

It is a common practice of journalists to write books about foreign countries on the basis of a limited experience. The results of this type of treatment are all too often evident: wild generalization, faulty analysis, factual inaccuracy. But what constitutes experience adequate to prepare a picture of a country? Six months residence (a period favored by many writers of travel books) is generally admitted to be too short; five years may not be enough for some writers. In Miss Chapin's case, twenty-seven years does not seem to have provided enough experience to write a realistic "Inside Canada".

*Contemporary Canada* is to my mind a bad book, an irritatingly bad book. Published in New York, its author is a Vermonter who has lived for many years in Montreal as a free lance journalist. It is obviously designed to depict Canadians to Americans. I am entirely in favor of the latter objective but I like to see it done by someone who knows what he is depicting. Miss Chapin paints Canadians as a quaint species of the *genus Americanus*, peculiar because of the European influences still seen in our life and because of the presence of a strong French-speaking minority in Canada. The tone throughout is condescending: Canada has only to cast off these encumbrances to become a prosperous and democratic nation in the best North American mould. In the book Canadian achievements are too often depreciated or made to suffer by comparison with American. I am not a chauvinist, nor do I dislike criticism but there has been far too much self-depreciation among Canadians. There are many features of our national life of which we can be proud and it is not an accurate picture of modern Canada which fails to bring them out. Miss Chapin makes some gestures towards praising achievement where it is merited but on the whole her analysis of Canadian society and culture is superficial and without understanding.

Having a literal mind I look for accuracy of statement in a book of description. If it is there, I am more ready to concede authority to a generalization or to marvel at the author's insight. Miss Chapin falls down badly on this first test and thus I am sceptical of her conclusions. When I am reading a book I jot down comments on the back endpapers. For *Contemporary Canada* I had the endpapers covered with notes on fact and interpretation, most of them adverse, before I was halfway through the volume. I do not intend to burden this review with all these comments but only to pick a few at random to prove the point that Miss Chapin's publishers were guilty of more than ordinary editorial hyperbole when they describe her work as having "the qualities of fine objective reporting: accuracy, honesty and liveliness."

First of all a few errors of fact: Montreal has never depended on its hinterland (p. 43); the colony of Victoria annexed British Columbia at the occasion of the gold rush (p. 70); the enormous copper mine at Trail, B.C. (p. 71); Quebec has a fixed representation in the House of Commons (p. 87); the railway pledge which British Columbia extracted from Ottawa in 1871 (p. 127); Canadian doctors usually go to Harvard or Johns Hopkins to complete their studies (p. 217). These errors would never have occurred if Miss Chapin had

stayed in Montreal and bought a set of the *Encyclopedia Canadiana* instead of spending money travelling across Canada. Her book would have benefitted in the process, for her descriptions of the Canadian scene in no way compensate for the grievous lack of accurate detail.

In addition the book is full of unsound generalizations. There is an extraordinary passage in the second chapter about the differing relationship between the sexes in French and English Canada. English-Canadian men do not really like women, Miss Chapin says. Warming to her subject, she adds that one of the reasons for the English-Canadian's suspicion of Quebec is that he resents the French-Canadian male's success with the opposite sex. Women are more emancipated in western Canada than in Ontario, states Miss Chapin. And another generalization about western Canada: it has little loyalty to the Crown and little love for England. About Canada's system of justice Miss Chapin is filled with indignation. Many of Canada's leaders have had military experience, she writes, so that the nation admires the authoritarian personality and applauds harshness in the administration of justice. Canadian justice is a "vast machine . . . revolving around a few thousand sick and stupid wretches". Many Canadians think it is "absurd", but "they do not know how to dismantle it" (p. 169). On the Canadian economy Miss Chapin is not much better, as when she exults over the possibilities of the South Saskatchewan Dam, which will "go far toward solving many of the west's problems" (p. 63). These statements are not controversial, they are merely fanciful or naive. Unfortunately there are so many of them that the book produces a sensation of "amusement", although not in the sense that the publisher claims on the dust-jacket.

Inevitably the reader compares *Contemporary Canada* with another mid-century stocktaking, A. R. M. Lower's *Canadians in the Making*. It is the comparison of the *canapé* to the full dinner. Lower's book is controversial in the true sense, taking up a position and adducing a great body of varied evidence to support it. It is a reflective book, the product of half a century's study and travel and talk. It is a book that reaches out to try and place Canada in a perspective against the trends of modern industrial civilization. It is impossible to say any of these things about Miss Chapin's book.

D. M. L. FARR

THE VARSITY CHAPBOOK: edited by John Robert Colombo; THE MCGILL CHAPBOOK: edited by Leslie L. Kaye; Ryerson; \$1.00 each.

Intercollegiate rivalry in Canada, so long restricted to sport, is now, it seems, spreading to literature. Dr. Lorne Pierce of the Ryerson Press, on the eve of retirement, had the happy thought of promoting this contest by the publication of rival poetry chapbooks. As usual, the central Canadian colleges seem to have assumed that their league is *the* league, and the rival coaches imply that this game is for the intercollegiate championship of Canada. I suspect that UBC and UNB, and several others too for that matter, could give either of them a run for their money—but for the time being we must be thankful for small mercies and happily referee Varsity versus McGill.

As a Toronto graduate, I am pained to have to say that McGill wins this first game—and by a score of

something like 24-8. In fact it is hardly a fair contest: it's like putting a good professional team against a group of simon-pure amateurs bolstered by one or two old pros. Every player on the McGill team is capable of scoring—and proceeds to do so. And several of them—notably D. G. Jones, Daryl Hine, Mike Gnarowski, Sylvia Barnard, Leonard Cohen, and Phyllis Webb—score hat-tricks. These poets have all played in the big-time, and they make Varsity look like a bunch of juniors who are still shaky on their skates. The old pros on the Toronto team—James Reaney and Jay Macpherson—each score a goal, but they appear to have been too busy with their coaching duties in the intramural league, and each makes only one brilliant rush up the ice. There are a few promising juniors in the Varsity lineup who may make the big-time some day—I refer especially to Catherine Arthur, Douglas Tisdall, Gerry Vise and, above all, Frances Wheeler—but even they still need a great deal of seasoning in the minors. One Varsity semi-pro—John Robert Colombo—disappoints by falling short of his usual form, but I suspect he has succumbed to the fate that so often awaits the playing coach.

It is in his latter capacity that Mr. Colombo reveals the usual over-enthusiasm of coaches before a game. "I can only hope," he says modestly, "that *The Varsity Chapbook* will shatter, once and for all, the illusion that, of the Canadian universities, only McGill is producing its quota of top-flight poets!" Well, perhaps Mr. Colombo will say that one game doesn't make a season, and will call for at least a return match. If he does, he'd better import a lot more power, or demand a revision of the eligibility rules—or call in Punch Imlach!

DESMOND PACEY

THE AUTOCRAT'S MISCELLANIES: Oliver Wendell Holmes; ed. Albert Mordell; Twayne Publishers; 356 pp; \$6.00.

Emerson excepted, the reputations of the members of the school of the Boston Brahmins have been steadily declining ever since the last one died. This collection of fugitive pieces of Oliver Wendell Holmes makes it easy to see why. It contains most of the faults of the school, including its serene complacency, its polished provincialism and its oratorical pomposity. The subjects and the manner of most of these articles give the impression that culture in the United States in the middle and late nineteenth century stopped dead at the outskirts of Boston. There are essays on Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Dana, James Russell Lowell, Asa Gray and Louis Agassiz. Washington Irving and Herbert Spencer are the only "outsiders" discussed.

Like others of the school, Holmes was the victim of his own facility. He was a past-master at the art of celebration, eulogy, tribute and commemoration. "It must be remembered," he wrote, in an essay included in this book, "that I have a reading constituency which includes three generations of my own contemporaries." By the time he died in 1894, aged eighty-five, he had taken all the opportunities to lay flowery wreaths of words on most of their graves. The trouble is that something of the odor of commemoration carries over into many pieces about the living.

It may be that Holmes, as he grew older, became

uneasily aware that the New England tradition was disintegrating; hence his fervent avowals of its pre-eminence. His rhetorical efforts to drum up enthusiasm for a second-rate poet or a third-rate theologian sound pretty hollow to our ears. The most vital literature of the United States in his time—the work of Poe, Whitman, Twain and James—was being written outside of New England. Holmes was meanwhile wasting his time, talent and immense influence on local poets like H. H. Brownell, now completely, and deservedly, unread.

A few of these papers were worth reviving, especially the "Tribute to Emerson," which skilfully captures the sage's savour. His poetry seemed to Holmes "like the robe of a monarch patched by a New England housewife." His lectures were so inconsecutive "that one could hardly tell whether he was putting together a mosaic of colored fragments, or only a kaleidoscope where the pieces tumbled about as best they might." These statements are not only witty; they are dead accurate. The brief tributes to Irving and Hawthorne give touching, first-hand impressions of these authors. Also included are some autobiographical fragments about Holmes's studies in Paris, which are richly nostalgic.

In all justice to Holmes, it should be noted that, according to Albert Mordell, the editor of this volume, he refused to reprint many of his writings, regarding them as ephemeral. Mordell attempts to refute this view by his selection. Holmes knew better. The toll of time is especially heavy on a writer who devotes most of his talent to the occasional piece. A modern reader winces when he reads, in an extravagant review of the soon dated *Natural History of Agassiz*, an airy dismissal of Darwin, just a year before *The Origin of Species* came out. The articles condemning England during the American Civil War are about as durable as all propaganda.

Mr. Mordell has done his editing thoroughly and provided useful notes. His enthusiasm for his subject may, however, be something that only literary scholars and historians of the period can share. Most others will find these scraps from the Autocrat's Breakfast Table an insufficiently nourishing meal for the mind.

PETER BUITENHUIS

KLANAK ISLANDS: A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES: Edited by William McConnell; Klanak Press; pp. 80; \$2.50.

In a recent issue of *The Tamarack Review*, Robert Fulford made the interesting suggestion that what Canadian theatre really needs is a semi-professional standard of production. This more realistic standard would replace the current unrealistic American one. Actually this idea should logically be extended to the other arts in Canada and to Canadian publishing in particular. In any case, a fine example of semi-professional, non-profit Canadian publishing is *Klanak Islands*, a successful soft-cover collection of eight stories by various authors, the second volume to bear the Klanak Press imprint.

Perhaps the most encouraging single feature of this collection is its appearance. As a financial venture the Klanak Press will probably never accrue much in the way of royalties for its authors and editor, William McConnell. But there is much to be said for any new

publishing venture, since publishing is the mid-wife of the literary and graphic arts. *Klanak Islands* is a tasteful production. The typography, and particularly the cover, is a fine tribute to its designer, the West Coast artist Takao Tanabe. The printing is of a professional calibre—a rare thing in Canadian publishing—and the eighty-page volume is complete to the biographical notes at the end. In addition, there are four evocative full-page color illustrations by Herbert Gilbert, Don Jarvis, Bob Steele and Ben Lim.

The eight stories are by Henry Kreisel, Raymond Hull, Robert Harlow, Alice McConnell, Margaret Mills, Marion Smith, Jane Rule and William McConnell. Most of the authors are young, comparatively unknown, and this is the first appearance of a number of them. Consequently a quick trip through *Klanak Islands* will supply the reader with a few shoals and some tropical paradises as well. The opening story, Henry Kreisel's "Homecoming," is the most haunting in the collection. The atmosphere is thick with images and the dark images are vivid and suggestive. A wandering Jew returning from a concentration camp after the war finds his home in ruins. Under the shadow of the church spire he weeps against the stones of the wall and his love is found in his tears. Somehow the story is incomplete; it is a beautiful fragment, a moving image, but hardly a completed sequence.

"The Sound of a Horn" by Robert Harlow is a situation reminiscent of Callaghan's *The Loved and the Lost*. Here the problem is social rather than racial but the same sensitive young woman for a brief time tries to change her caste. She does it by entering a bawdy house and causing a young sailor almost to shoot her. To bring this off the writing must be solid and Harlow's style is. The story is a success. Jane Rule's "A Walk by Himself", on the other hand, is a near success. An irresponsible youth feels an emotional charge for the first time in his life. His incredible rapid about-face and the surprising solution to his problem are as unreal to the reader as they are a surprise to him.

The same fault is at the root of "The Apricot Story" by Alice McConnell, in which a married couple one day rediscover their love. The problem is more successfully solved by William McConnell, however, in his "Love in the Park". Here the atmosphere is deliberately poetic and the language is nostalgic, full of refrains—a fitting vehicle for the transformation which occurs towards the end. All in all there are a surprising number of such epiphanies in the eight stories which comprise *Klanak Islands*.

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

CANADA IN WORLD AFFAIRS, OCTOBER 1955  
TO JUNE 1957: James Eayrs; Oxford; pp. v, 291;  
\$4.00.

What was the record of the Liberal government of Mr. St. Laurent in its conduct of our external relations during its last two years of office? This was the period when anti-American hysteria in Canada was at its height, when the Suez crisis put a severe strain upon Anglo-Canadian relations, and when Russian advances in nuclear science brought about a new and more critical phase in the cold war. Mr. Eayrs has narrated all the events of the period with admirable clearness and

coolness. Whether he is too cool will depend upon whether the 1960's bring us peace or disaster.

The Canadian Institute of International Affairs, under whose auspices this volume is published, has now been responsible for nine volumes in its current history of Canadian external policy from the years just before 1939. Its authors must, of course, achieve impartiality as between the policies of rival parties and sectional groups in the country; and I suppose this compels them to write with that air of deadpan impassivity which most of them adopt. Mr. Eayrs had difficulty, I suspect, in restraining his irony at certain points. I wish he hadn't been in such perfect control of himself. Was it necessary, for example, to take all the opposition attacks upon government policy at their face value in a volume which was dealing with the months leading up to a general election? For, as various commentators have been remarking recently about opposition parties in various other parts of the English-speaking world, while power tends to corrupt, being out of power corrupts absolutely; and our Conservatives had been out of power too long.

In fact, what stands out in this volume is the effectiveness of Mike Pearson both in action and in the exposition and defence of his actions. As Mr. Eayrs points out, his influence was at this time at its height and he had to deal with issues that tested him very thoroughly. One does not have much difficulty in concluding that our author thinks the Pearson policies to have been generally right. The quotations printed here from the Pearson speeches give a remarkable impression of a man who knew what he was doing and was intent on explaining what he was doing in very concrete terms; there is very little of those vague aspirations for an ideal world which most Canadian statesmen substitute for policy. No one who reads this book can help wondering whether Volume X of this series will be able to present quotations that are half as effective from the ministers responsible for our external policy in the years just after June, 1957.

Still, it is perhaps better to write current history for Canadians without either heroes or villains in it. But I think the time has come when these admirable CIIA volumes, narrating our history *wie es eigentlich gewesen*, should be supplemented by studies written by authors with a thesis to maintain. Unfortunately the only such authors in sight so far are either retired generals, whose theses are discounted by the public as coming from frustrated empire-builders, or starry-eyed pacifists who think that brotherly love is bursting out all along the iron curtain. In other countries journalists would be writing books with theses; but in Canada our journalists are even more deadpan than our professors. I am really suggesting an unfair criticism of Mr. Eayrs' book. For, as a dispassionate analysis of the issues of the years 1955 to 1957, it would be hard to improve upon his work.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

EDWARD THOMAS: THE LAST FOUR YEARS:  
Book One of the Memoirs of Eleanor Farjeon; Oxford University Press; pp. xv, 271; \$5.00.

Although this volume is the first of a projected series of Eleanor Farjeon's personal memoirs, and might therefore be expected to have a primarily autobiographical slant, she chooses to yield the centre of the stage to her



closest friend of the First World War years, Edward Thomas. And it is for the sake of Thomas, as Miss Farjeon would be the first to admit and desire, that the book demands attention. They first met late in 1912 (Miss Farjeon is, incidentally, the "Margaret" of Helen Thomas' personal memoir, *World Without End*), and they corresponded regularly until his death in France early in 1917. Reproduced in full are two hundred of Thomas' letters, the majority of which have never been published before. It is a tribute to Miss Farjeon's skilful but unostentatious writing that one realizes how much would have been lost if the volume had appeared as a straightforward transcription of letters. With her helpful elaborations, comments and anecdotes, she builds up a subtle picture of this "least self-revealing of men," and her account strengthens the impression of earlier biographies and reminiscences, though it adds little of importance to the general picture. Miss Farjeon has a quiet but effective power of evoking scene and mood, and writes with an easy grace that never flags. In addition, there are brief but vivid recollections of many of her other acquaintances at this period, including D. H. Lawrence, Robert Frost, and the artist James Guthrie.

The book covers only a short period of Thomas' life, but it is the vital period, for it was during these last four years that he developed from a talented but unexceptional prose-writer into the poet whose limited range should not blind us to the solid and remarkable achievement which his poetry represents. In the foreword, Miss Farjeon states that Thomas "has his sure place now among our most English poets." It is true that his name is known well enough via anthologies (*Adlestrop*, while certainly a fine poem, has had the unfortunate fate of becoming Thomas' *Innisfree*), but I doubt if his work as a whole is as widely read as it deserves. Poems such as *Lob*, *Sedge-Warblers*, *Old Man*, and *October*, to mention only a few, are worthy of a classic status which they have not yet attained. These remarks are applicable to England, and perhaps even more so to Canada, where his detailed allusion to the particularities of the English rural scene is naturally less appealing. But any reader who appreciates F. P. Grove's treatment of the Manitoba countryside in *Over Prairie Trails* ought to find Thomas' poetry more than congenial. If this memoir encourages more people to turn to Thomas' own work, it will have achieved a worthy success.

W. J. KEITH

**CAPITAL, INTEREST AND PROFITS:** B. S. Kierstead, Macmillan; pp. 180; \$3.75.

Professor Kierstead is one of our best commentators on Economic Development, and one of the most expertly inclined to turn the thinking inwards, from descriptions and immediate casualties, to questioning essential meanings, terms and concepts.

In five essays in the first part of this book, he does this principally in respect of the nature and significance of capital and its remuneration. He criticizes the marginal productivity, time-preference and abstinence theories, and the Keynesian views. This part is essentially technical, and the general reader might not get more than illustrative insights from it, but they would be good ones. The general result is: an eclectic view, skilfully synthesised, rather than any new solutions.

The second part, which may be more in the general reader's line, outlines the application of this view in explanation of actual development. It, too, contains some good illustrative material. Notably the brief account of Newfoundland's economic problems, which is largely factual.

Not so the section on Japan—documented principally by an unpublished Ph.D. thesis—which, from the point of view of economic historiography, I do not rank much above Gilbert and Sullivan. "Thus," we find on p. 97, "for Japan the conventional economy endured with but minor change from 660 B.C. to A.D. 1853 . . . The shock of 1853 was sudden and complete."

The "minor change" was in fact an entire evolution from the Stone Age to the end of feudalism, quite parallel to what Europe went through in the same twenty centuries. While "the shock of 1853" is rather comparable to talking about the "shock of James Watt."

Professor Keirstead, when he keeps to areas of which he has direct knowledge, presents a good range of criticism, in the spirit that "a science which describes and analyzes a changing universe must change with its universe" (p. 171). First, know thy universe! But Professor Keirstead is, in effect, loosely eclectic and does not present any specific recasting of economic theory in this field—in which, as in others, it is in a debilitated condition today—so positively and explicitly as we hope he one day will.

STUART KIRBY

**KRISHNA FLUTING:** John Berry; Macmillan; pp. 266; \$3.95.

Peter Arjuna Bruff, whose mother was Kashmiri, and whose father an American Quaker, is the protagonist of this novel set in Tashiling, "a town which falls like an arrested avalanche down the face of a mountain in the eastern Himalayas." At Tashiling is the Ashram, a privately-run school for orphaned and abandoned Eurasian children. Peter is one of the school's three founders, but has avoided becoming directly involved in its management. Summoned now from Kashmir by the dying Lady Edith, who has asked him to hunt down a man-eating python, he is faced in this return to Tashiling with all the currents of his life brought together, and the necessity of resolving the difficulties which he had fled.

The novel is dominated by the symbol of the python, its physical presence matching the rich and compelling folk-lore which surrounds it. The narrative is generous with references to Indian literature and folk-lore, and some of these suggest an intricacy which could easily go to one's head. Perhaps this explains the author's weakness for conundrums which seldom achieve the desired effect of profundity. As one would expect in a novel of India, the characters are a complex array of cultural, racial and religious backgrounds, and the interplay is recorded with zest. The writing has a vivid but curiously static quality: a good deal happens to all these people during the two weeks they await the re-appearance of the python, yet this or that "scene" returns to the mind as a formal grouping, stylized as a carving on stone. This may be intentional, since the story interweaves the exuberance of the life force with the necessity of awaiting an appointed time. The latter has been called passivity or fatalism; here it is rather a sense of

Destiny's rhythm, and when one is attuned to it, the scope for action, to say nothing of the likelihood of success, is evidently as great—all westerners take note—as when one rushes out to attack Life head on.

BELLE POMER

WRITE ME FROM RIO: Charles Edward Eaton; Blair; pp. 214; \$3.95.

There is a disturbing scent of formaldehyde about these stories. The writer is indeed a butterfly hunter alert for strange specimens migrating from the United States during the past war to light temporarily in the Brazilian tropics. He writes with a superb sensibility for mood and place which builds up through the twelve sketches into a deeply felt sense of exile. It is an atmosphere inhabited in the main by very shadowy men and women carefully arranged for our inspection: "a misty collection of impaled memories."

Writers who can condense the significance of a lifetime into a short sketch are few and probably it is ungrateful to complain when there are many other aspects of this writing to be enjoyed. *The Motion of Forgetfulness is Slow*, for instance, is a very delicately handled vignette on the theme of fornication; an ill-assorted pair on an emotional rebound are brought together in Rio. An episode. So also is *Boat with an Eye of Glass*, this time a nostalgic account of a sentimental journey to a distant graveside with overtones of one of those ambivalent relationships of youth, muted and introspective.

One may say that these stories are a pleasant change from the sharper and slicker products of the summer course in short story writing school. Could their mummified grace and gently funereal manner be the result of the effect on the sensibilities of the transplanted writer? They are like a quiet death in a lovely place, a warm and hazy hades.

H.T.K.

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